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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Again the Pathetic Fallacy

NOBODY, we suppose, who thinks at all passes the first fine careless rapture of youth without discovering that life is beautiful in spite of everything rather than because of it, and nobody, on the other hand, who looks on life curiously can fail to observe that most of mankind goes about its affairs with a certain degree of confidence if not complacency. Nobody, that is, but the school of professed pessimists who as novelists or dramatists feel called upon to pile agony upon woe, and who having done their most desperate to paint the blackness of existence, proceed to maintain that existence pictured in brighter guise is a sop to the sentimental, bad witness and worse art. Not so numerous, they have been potent beyond their numbers, these apostles of gloom, for they have succeeded to an extent in erecting a standard to which the more cheerful-minded of their contemporaries repair no matter how unwillingly. They have put the optimist on the defensive, forced the devotee of the happy ending in romance or play to proclaim his fealty with the abashed belligerence of the apologist, as though, poor soul, his craving for joy were treachery to art. They have bullied the critic into regarding lugubriousness as patent of power, and hoodwinked the public into accepting gratuitous ugliness. They have forced American literature out of consonance with American mood, and made it, in so far as they shape it, but imperfectly representative of American life.

Of all life. For against their projection of life as unmitigatedly dun or unhappy stands the immutable fact that men, even the most sorely tried of them, dearly cherish life, and with all its ills pass their days in lamenting not its existence but its extinction. Unhappiness, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. What is misery to you, may be matter of indifference to your neighbor; what is gall and wormwood to him may irk you not at all. It is the pathetic fallacy of which the novelists of gloom are guilty. For they, chafing against the restraints that encumber their ardors, read into the minds and hearts of all men the desires that stir their own. Because they gasp for wider opportunities they believe that all who are held within a narrow groove are necessarily in bitter revolt against it; because they see no inspiration in the wedlock of commonplace souls they decide that dull marriage is unhappy; because they see in mechanical labor a deadening grind they conclude that the toiler's life is one long succession of miserable days. And because they thus interpret life, seeing it through their impatient eyes and not with the gaze of those who live it, they rule that literature which paints it other than black is false to facts and false to art.

We hold no brief for the saccharine in literature; we think that sentimentality is pernicious in both life and art. But we have small patience with those who believe that virtue necessarily resides in grimness, and we have all sympathy for those who would take the sweets of life when they can find them. That public that prefers the "gladness" of an Eleanor Porter to the sombreness of a Chekov is not less worthy because it prefers happiness to gloom. It is the less responsible because it cannot distinguish between the real and the shoddy. But it is quite as admirable to see the world in bright colors as in black, and it is far nearer the truth to picture the excursion of the individual through life as having lightsomeness as well as sorrow than to ascribe to it misery without mitigation. For the relief may exist for the subject if not for the observer.

Silence

By GEORGE STERLING

FAINT is the sea's voice for so vast a thing,
And weak the thunder of the enormous sky;
The hurricane has but a feeble cry;
Only with torrents may the mountain sing.
But though a murmur come from sky and sea,
The mightier things touch not a mortal ear,
And who is he that turns from Time to hear
The huge vibration of Eternity?

For in the void essential silence broods
On the great shadow of the Magnitudes
That house immutable oblivion.
What star has challenged? Who has known the sound
Of earth's progression on the cold profound?
The vast is voiceless. Who shall hear the sun?

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The State of Poetry. By *Robert Graves.*

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The Voice of Chicago*

By REBECCA WEST

THERE is in America an incredible city named Chicago: a rain-colored city of topless marble towers that stand among waste plots knee-high with tawny grasses beside a lake that has grey waves like the sea. It has a shopping and office district that for miles round is a darkness laid on the eyes, so high are the buildings, so cluttered up are the narrow streets with a gauntly striding elevated railway, and a stockyards district that for miles round is a stench in the nostrils. It has rows of rotting, paintless timber houses, each with a veranda, each with a rocking-chair on its veranda, most with a scoured rag drying on the chipped balustrade of that veranda, which go on mile after mile and end at long length in marshes where wild birds circle round the dark keeps of the breweries abandoned because of a certain vast and catastrophic legislative gesture. It has vast stretches of flat suburbs which, though they are the homes of the comfortable, have a nightmare quality, for one may travel northward ten, fifteen, twenty miles and apparently pass and repass the same fifty yards, since there is nothing on either side save the same villa standing at exactly the same distance from its identical fellows in the same featureless, hedgeless gardens on straight roads of exactly the same width, except where there is some unpredictable variation as a vast temple raised to the nineteenth-century Persian prophet known as the Bab. Extravagant weather passes over this extravagant city. In the summer you may sit in the dining-room of a magnificent hotel built like an Italian palazzo and look down on the waters of the lake which no longer seem water, because they are packed with people from the slums who have run into the lake because they are sweating, scorching, blistering with the unbearable heat of the Middle West until they have no room to swim but must stand upright, crowded shoulder to shoulder. The older of them cry through the twilight in tongues you have not heard since you were last in Budapest or Athens or Prague, and the younger in a tongue that you will not understand if you come from England, though it is English. In winter, even so late as April, you may walk for an hour by that same lake and not meet a soul, so bitter is the wind that blows over the ice-bank that lips its edge.

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Though Chicago sprawls widely across Illinois, it has but a third of the population of London. It has, however, an Opera such as London has not. It has an Art Gallery which alone would make the journey to these parts worth while, particularly for those who care about modern French art. It has an important book-buying public which wrangles over modern literature for fear the road to the truth should be closed like Englishmen disputing over rights of way. It experiments passionately with every new method of social technique, affixing, for example, a psychological clinic to their law courts in which theory after theory is tried out in feverish haste so that at one time it seems to be proved that all criminals in Chicago are without exception the victims of *dementia praecox* and at another that they are all epileptics. Everybody has his fun. The poor dance wildly in dance-halls the size of cathe-

*This essay is to constitute the Preface to "Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg," edited by Rebecca West, shortly to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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drals, they have their movie theatres vast as the Pantheon and naïve as a small boy, and they have a real endowment in an ardent civic consciousness such as is not now known in the Old World. Every child in the street will tell you how beautiful Michigan Boulevard will be when it is finished, and looks forward, as to a consummation of personal self-satisfaction, to the day, which in point of fact is inevitably approaching, when Chicago will be the capital of the United States.

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But also Chicago has crime such as London has not. There is, roughly speaking, a murder a day. This crime occasionally takes spectacular and portentous forms. Only a few years ago, following a dispute between whites and negroes at a bathing-shore, Chicago took a holiday from its business for five days and carried on a race-riot, killing over thirty people, wounding over five hundred, and destroying a thousand homes. It is worth while paying attention to the vehement and significant character of such crimes, because this is simply one aspect of a general vehemence and significance of life in the region.

These peculiarities spring from a certain peculiarity of the individual lives of its inhabitants. The normal citizen there is living a very intense life of self-consciousness and self-analysis. The external manifestation of this is a curious loquacity which is at once more personal and more impersonal than any corresponding talkativeness one might encounter in Europe. People who sit opposite one in a dining-car, or who wait on one as manicurists or shop-assistants or hotel servants, are ready to tell one the story of their lives without the smallest provocation, and to round it off by attempts to derive from it some helpful cosmic principle. It is as likely as not that a taxi-driver, when one pays one's fare, will not consider the transaction closed. He may pause to ask if one is French, and on receiving the answer that one is not, will express surprise on the ground that one is dark and he was under the impression that all English people are fair; he will impart to one the domestic circumstances which prevented him from going to France with the American Expeditionary Forces; and he will say that he regrets it, for he loves to move about the world, and is indeed at this moment thinking of going to Kansas City and working there for a bit; and he will end by wondering why man loves to wander, and what profits him, since in essentials life is the same everywhere. He will tell his story slowly, and he will seem to expect one to stand by when he tells it; and indeed, though the Americans are the most speedy people in the world, so far as dealing with mechanical devices, in making or driving an automobile, or in organizing and operating a telephone system, they are infinitely leisurely when it is a matter of giving or receiving self-explanation.

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All over the United States the stranger will note that the English and American languages are essentially different in genius in spite of their partial identity of vocabulary. But in the Middle West more than anywhere else the introspective inhabitants have developed an idiom which is exactly the reverse of our English tongue in that it is admirably suited for describing the events of the inner life and entirely inadequate in dealing with the events of the outer life. If one goes into an English police court one is safe to see a policeman go into the witness-box and say. "At 11:30 p. m. on the night of Friday the 31st of July I was proceeding in the course of my duties down Bow Street," as a prelude to a complete and comprehensible story of the physical events which happened in a certain point of space at a certain point of time. But he will not be able to give any impression at all of the psychological state of any of the personalities involved. This is not because he is a policeman. It is because he is speaking English. The learned counsel who undertook the defence of Mrs. Thompson in the Thompson and Bywaters case was utterly unable to convey to the jury any picture of the psychological state of his client. Now in the Chicago courts the case is far otherwise. On points of fact the police give evidence in a way that in this country would be thought phenomenally deplorable in the worst witness in an Assize court in a backward district. But they will give the most subtle and exact evidence about the psychological situation in each case. They may not even know the correct name of the crime of which they are accusing their prisoner, and have to use a slang phrase for it, but they will have on their tongues' ends beautiful and expressive phrases to describe the character of the house in which they found him, his bearing when they arrested him, and the reactions of the other persons concerned, phrases in which brilliantly chosen words have their meaning expanded by the cunningest use of rhythm. For the inhabitants of the Middle West, although to our European standards tone-deaf, are masters of rhythm. "Getting by with it. . . ." It is the drawled rhythm which gives that phrase its tremendous irony, which makes it impossible to carry over all its contents into English-English, just, as they say, it is impossible to transfer innumerable Russian words expressive of psychological states and processes.

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Though introspection forges a beautiful instrument of expression, it sometimes provides matters which it is regrettable should be expressed. Sometimes through reflecting overmuch on the difficulties of life it becomes panic-stricken and tries to short-circuit them. Then it stumbles on the brilliant idea that existence would be much simpler if there were only one sort of people on earth, which is perfectly true. It broods on this idea until it magnifies it to falsity and comes to believe that all its troubles will be over if it destroys so far as possible all persons within its territories who are of a different kind from the majority. In Russia this leads to Pogroms; and in the Middle West to Anti-Semitism, prejudice against the alien immigrants, and anti-Negro race riots. These are offences against justice and mercy, and injurious to the common conception of law. Therefore those who truly love their country swing the balance to the other side so far as they may by cultivating a comprehensive love for all human souls that find themselves within these territories and rejecting none from their fellowship: a love which though it is a pacifist and reconciling force has yet the fierceness of a movement in opposition.

Race-antagonism is not the only spiritual ill which springs from this alliance of introspection and isolation. There comes also a facile mysticism which satisfies too easily the instincts of religion and patriotism. Russia calls itself Holy Russia, which is the kind of name which had better be left for other people to apply; and the Middle West's insistence on its own idealism is often open to the same objection. In each case the mysticism amounts to a glorification of the *status quo* as the one road to spiritual perfection. In Russia the *status quo* is, for the mass of the inhabitants, poverty and suffering; therefore it is held that he who is bruised and starving is nearest to salvation. In America the *status quo* is, for the mass of the inhabitants, prosperity; therefore it is held that the go-getter is nearest to salvation. To the unprejudiced the one is not actually more unpleasing than the other. One has only to read one of the more mechanical practitioners of Russian mysticism, such as Mr. Stephen Graham, to realize that the simple Moujik is only Babbitt down on his luck. The offence of the one, which is the attempt to seek union with God through adherence to a formula, is equally the offence of the other. But this also, like race-antagonism, provokes a beautiful counter-movement among those who truly love their country. Such in Russia worked for a revolution which would raise the people out of their suffering and bring the whole world nearer to God by making life more harmonious. And such in the Middle West practise a withdrawal from the ways of prosperity, take flight into solitude and simple living, not as a panacea, but to get free from mob-suggestion and seek an individual relationship with God.

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I have not yet mentioned Carl Sandburg, but I have been writing of him all the time. For he is the voice of this region. He is, like Robert Burns, a national poet. Just as Robert Burns expresses the whole life of Lowland Scotland of his time, so Carl Sandburg expresses the whole life of the Middle West of today. He has learned his country by heart. He was born of Swedish parentage in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. At the age of thirteen he left school and began driving a milk wagon. He subsequently became a bricklayer and a farm laborer on the wheat-growing plains of Kansas. After an interval spent in graduating in an Illinois University, he became an hotel servant in Denver, a coal-heaver in Omaha, and a soldier in the Spanish-American war, and after that a journalist. He has published four books of poems, "Chicago Poems" (1915), "Cornhuskers" (1918), "Smoke and Steel" (1920), and "Slabs of the Sunburst West" (1922). The qualities of the Middle West are his qualities. The main determinant of his art is the power of his native idiom to deal with the inner life of man. He can describe the inner life, the not too bad life, that lies behind the shapeless skyscrapers, like so many giant petrol-cans, and the dreary timber houses of an ordinary Middle Western town. He can describe the inner life of the eager little girls who leave those small towns and come to Chicago, but still find no world that makes use of their sweetness. He can describe the inner life of the strong young men who wander about the vast land, proud and yet perplexed; proud because they are lending their strength to the purposes of the new civilization, perplexed because they do not know what it is all about. His idiom shapes him also in making him not so wise in his pictures of the external life.

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Our English poets, on the other hand, whether Wordsworth writing about the Lakes, or Edith Sitwell writing about a home-park, give you the color and texture and substance of the rocks, the waters, the grass, and the trees they write of, as well as the lie of their imagined country. That tendency in English poetry is due probably to the keen eye of the farmer intent on his crops, the squire intent on his hunting, and the parson intent on his garden; and the knowing small talk of one or other these types has sounded in the infant ears of most of our poets. We are therefore apt to be shocked at Carl Sandburg when he dilutes his descriptions of nature with abstract nouns and references to dreams in the manner of Mr. F. E. Weatherley. But his subjective nature poems, such as "Prairie" and "Potato Blossom Songs and Jigs," which describe the effect of the seasons as they sweep over these wide lands on the noticing kind of men there are thereabouts, are very beautiful. His "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" is a brilliant example of technical virtuosity. For he is characteristically Middle Western in that his poems have no great sense of melody but a strong sense of rhythm. It will be said of him by Philistines that his poetry has no music in it, particularly by such Philistines as do not, like the lady in the limerick, know "God Save the Weasel" from "Pop Goes the Queen." The same sort of people accuse Cézanne, who was born with a mahl-stick in his hand, of painting as he did because he was incapable of painting like Leader. In point of fact, Carl Sandburg is an accomplished musician, who is famous both for his singing and for his researches into American folk-song, and the music of his poetry is based on the technique of the banjo, very much as Manuel de Falla's music is based on the technique of the guitar. It must be remembered that his lines will not reveal their music, and indeed have none to reveal, unless they are read with a Middle Western accent; which incidentally—and this is important because it gives time for the variations of rhythm to disclose themselves—is very much slower than English speech.

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There is also in Carl Sandburg a full expression of the counter movements of those who truly love the Middle West against those who love it not so well. This might seem a consideration too purely moral and political to be relevant to one's estimate of a poet; but actually each of these counter-movements implies anæsthetic liberation. It has been the tendency of America to limit its art to the delineation of what is called the Anglo-Saxon element within its territories. This has been to deny the artist the right to use some of the most entrancing brightly-colored patterns that he saw in the real world before him. Carl Sandburg uses everything he sees that looks to him a good subject: Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti, the Singing Nigger, the workmen who "spill Peloponnesian syllables" as they sit in a Chica go lunch-room, the Hungarians with their kegs of beer on the picnic green. And he writes of the navy and the hoodllum, not from any "open road" infantilism, but because they are at any rate men who withdraw themselves from the areas of standardized living and thinking and who can look at reality with their own eyes. It must be remembered that in the United States, where the big employers take enormous pains to shape the minds of their workmen by welfare work, in the placarding of the factories with impressive ukases, by the control of the local press, and by the government of the towns

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they build for their employees, a man who takes a well-paid job is often putting himself in a position where he will find it difficult not to sign away his soul, or at least his intellect. It is true that Carl Sandburg has kept clear of that conspiracy largely because of a revoluntary passion that does both good and had service to his talent. It sometimes inspires him to brilliant and delicate political writing. It is a curious fact that no writer of Anglo-Saxon descent, no representative of the New England tradition, has described the break between Lincoln's America and modern industrialized America so poignantly as Carl Sandburg has. But his revolutionary passion so often betrays him, for poem after poem is ruined by a coarsely intruding line that turns it from poetry to propaganda. But the effect of this resistance to his environment is in sum an æsthetic benefit. It enables him to write of the real America, which one might describe to the present-day, over-prosperous America, in words of one of its own advertisements, as "the Venus beneath your fat." In "Prairie," and "The Windy City," and "Slabs of the Sunburst West," he has evoked the essential America which will survive when this phase of commercial expansion is past and the New World is cut down to the quick as the Old West is today: a vast continent which by the majesty of its plains and its waters and its mountains, calls forth a response of power in the men who behold it, now that they are white as it did when they were red. His is not a talent that is too easily accepted in this age, which is inclined to regard poetry as necessarily lyric and to demand that the poet shall write brief and perfect verse; but the reason he cannot satisfy such standards is that his art is dominated by an image so vast that it requires as house-room not one but a thousand poems.

Some Recent Poets

MODERN POETRY. By H. P. Collins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.

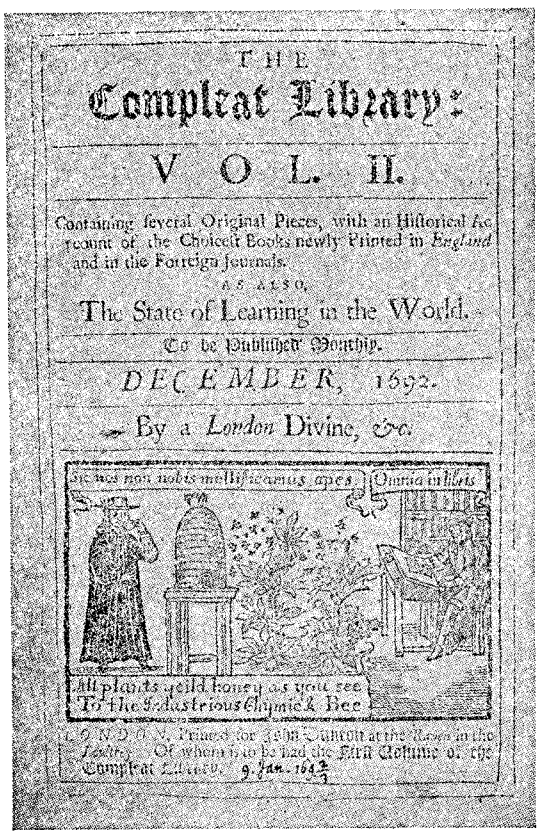
Reviewed by Edward Davison

THIS stimulating little book marks the appearance in England of a new and promising critic. Mr. Collins is too intellectually honest and well informed, too sure in his taste, and too ready with critical reasons to write anything that would not be caviare to the general. He is not merely one more critic of the emotive order. Thus his book will not be popular. Perhaps, because of its excessive limitations, it must be regarded as a failure. Mr. Collin's essays in *The Criterion* (notably his study of Milton in the light of M. Saurat's theory) have already revealed him at his best when he is treating some single concrete figure, criticizing some body of work with very definite lines of demarcation. In his 200 pages on modern English poetry there is not space enough for him to see his subject steadily or to see it whole. He does not reduce confusion although, as in the excellent chapter on Wilfred Owen, he throws a searching light on some of its aspects. His great merit as a critic (although to praise it is rather like praising a shoemaker for making shoes) is that he always attempts to prove his point.

Here is no indiscriminate praise or abuse. Thus, while a disproportionate section of his book is devoted to a not wholly successful "apology" for the work of H. D., he is still frank enough to examine and explode the Imagiste manifesto whereon, avowedly, that work is based. And his book abounds in suggestive phrases that raise some vital questions for criticism, for instance—"How can the modern passion for minute psychological inquiry be made to enrich æsthetic perception; especially in poetry, the sphere of the most generalized perceptions?" And, again,—"It cannot be too often insisted that great art does not call for novel or remarkable material: it needs a serene and sensitive awareness of those significant emotional and intellectual experiences that are the same through all the ages." Mr. Collins throws off many such ideas in passing, seldom without some resolution of their significance into the point he is momentarily making. He is at his best in the chapter on "The Need of Values," where he writes to the text "Since literature always deals *au fond* with humanity the theories in the light of which it should be viewed are humanistic."

Mr. Collins realizes from the outset that this ancient opinion, though men have attempted to refute it since literary criticism was a recognized art, has never been effectually overturned. Thus the basis of his criticism is essentially humanistic. His plea for the recognition of humanistic values "not originally artistic, but deriving from other experience, perhaps chiefly moral" is in accord with all the judgments made throughout his book. This, together with his insistence that "modernism is not this or the last century's discovery," is the basis of an attitude which can examine the poetry of Rupert Brooke and find it sadly wanting in comparison with that of Wilfred Owen. It also strikes a powerful blow against the validity of a mere psychological theory of value. But where psychological critics, like Mr. I. A. Richards, have employed a scrupulously exact terminology, Mr. Collins often weakens his case by the employment of loose and insufficient language. He cannot or, at least, does not, meet them on their own ground: and until some champion of the humanistic theory visits them there it appears likely that their views will grow in popularity.

It is a pity that Mr. Collins did not enlarge his book to cover the activities of that very mingled group of English poets whose separate individualities are usually concealed under the now opprobrious name "Georgian." Others, too, like Herbert Trench, not of that nominal group, surely deserved some claim on his attention. There is room, at present, for a really considerable critical study of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Containing several Original Pieces, with an Historical Account of the Choicest Books newly Printed in *England* and in the Forreign Journals.
AS ALSO,
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DECEMBER, 1692.
By a *London* Divine, &c.
Sic nos non nobis mellificamus apes. Omnia in libris
All plants yeild honey as you see
To the Industrious Chymick & Bee
Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges in the Inner-Temple. Where this is to be had the First Volume of the Compleat Library. 9. Jan. 1693

One of the Most Notable Literary Journals of the Seventeenth Century.
From "The Beginnings of English Literary Periodicals," by Walter Graham (Oxford University Press).

recent English poetry but Mr. Collins, though he does not lack the equipment for such a task, has missed a fine opportunity to write it.

The *Woman's Home Companion* and the John Day Company, Publishers, are jointly offering prize awards of $25,000 in cash each for the best novel written by a man and by a woman, respectively. The contest closes on July 1, 1927. In view of the fact that motion picture rights are not surrendered by the prize-winners, but may be sold separately, these are the largest cash awards for prize-winning novels ever offered.

Novels of as short a length as 50,000 words will be eligible for the competition, although "preference will be given to manuscripts of full novel length." Collaborations will be accepted, except those between men and women authors. Two or more men may join in competing for the $25,000 prize for the best novel written by a man and two or more women may together enter the lists for the prize for women writers. In addition to the cash award the winning author will receive royalties on American and Canadian book rights in excess of the $5,000 advance guarantee and will retain full motion picture rights, second serial rights, English rights, all rights to translation into foreign languages, and dramatic rights, relinquishing only American and Canadian book royalties under $5,000 and first serial rights. Official entry forms will be sent to any address free upon application to the contest headquarters, the John Day Company offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Holding Up the Mirror

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By Ford Madox Ford. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

WHATEVER else might be said about Ford Madox Ford—and in another connection a good deal might be said about him as a thinker and philosopher—he is a thoroughly trained man of letters, and (which doesn't always follow) he is seldom dull. This is too grudging by far—when he hits his stride on a familiar ground, there are few of this generation who can keep up with him. At his best he has a keen eye and a neat hand, as well as enough humor and human sympathy for setting down the scenes he have lived through; at his worst, an unbridled, rip-snorting imagination runs away with him (or so it seems to me) and bucks him off when it comes to scenes he has only dreamed about.

In "A Mirror to France," Mr. Ford is at either extreme. It is a slight effort, journalese but very high-class journalese, probably thrown off in the breathing space between more weighty work. It has nothing in it half so good as the extraordinarily well written descriptions of the muck and muddle of the British replacement camp in "No More Parades;" but nothing so disastrously green-hattish as the aphrodisiac-sadistic abstraction in the same book conjured up by Mr. Ford to play gad-fly to his Tory-English-Christian gentleman.

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But if this is not, and doesn't pretend to be in any sense a great book, nevertheless it is very good reading. If you know and like France you may find it charming. Mr. Ford has lived long in France, has soaked up French atmosphere, and oozes it out on every page in graceful thumb-nail sketches of people and places, in happy turns of phrase which vividly bring back memories of French idiom. It is no record of fact, and Mr. Ford does not mean it as such. I wouldn't advise taking "A Mirror to France" with you as a philosophic guide-book on a first trip to Europe. For, as Mr. Ford himself points out, no two mirrors reflect actuality in exactly the same way; and this is a very special, personal mirror which he holds up. To my way of thinking, the glass is often wavy enough to distort the reflection; so much of the silver is off the back that in spots it fails to reflect what is going on in front of it, and shows only what is happening behind it.

This is to say, of course, that my mirror does not always agree with Mr. Ford's. But did two people's impressions of the same country ever agree? Do one's own impressions of any given country even agree among themselves? Does one not always stare, astonished, at the stories told by other people of countries one knows? For instance, I have repeatedly opened bank-accounts in French banks in many parts of France, and in every case my experience has been the diametrical opposite of what Mr. Ford sets down in this book. And yet I agree entirely with the impression conveyed by Mr. Ford in this anecdote, that French officials are outrageously fussy about their sacred official records and papers. The only difference is that I gathered that impression in connection with trying to run an automobile in France.

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I do not even, in the least, doubt the literal accuracy of Mr. Ford's banking experiences, although so different from my own. All sorts of things happen, everywhere. Once, traveling with a French friend to visit Niagara Falls, we were accosted as we stepped from the sleeping-car at Buffalo, by the Station-Master in person. And what did that important official say to two plain middle-aged women, total strangers to him? He hoped we had had a good night in the sleeper, and were we on our way to Niagara Falls, because such-and-such a train was the best one to take if we wished to catch a certain effect of morning light on the Falls; and over there, on such a track was the train; and he was glad it was a fine day so that we could get the finest impression of the Falls. All this with a smile, and at the end, with a courteous, cap-lifted bow. Yes, just like that. Incredible. True. My French friend was enthusiastic about the agreeable friendly manners of this solicitous official, and I was too stupified by astonishment to speak. "Nowhere but in America could such a thing happen in a big-city station," she cried. I did not tell her that never before had I heard of

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its happening in America. I have since heard her, many times, describing to a circle of French friends her experiences in the United States, tell this story as a sample of the incredible good humor and friendliness prevalent in America. And I never say a word. After all, it literally did happen, and after all the railroad officials in the United States are as a rule more friendly and approachable than French ones. Her general impression is in the right and accurate tone. And that is all one can expect from other people's travel experiences.

Personally I believe them all. No, no, I draw the line at the perfectly truthful, serious-minded, middle-aged family connection of mine who came back after three months' travel in France, and asked us seriously why French people always served canned peaches for dessert! Some things are incredible! A few. I don't know where he really was during those three months of travel, but I am certain it was not in France.

But I find no canned peaches in Mr. Ford's very readable book. I recognize—nearly enough at least—all that he sets down in his portrait of France. It is a portrait and no photograph, and hence has in it as much of the personality of the painter as of the subject. He leaves out a good deal that seems interesting to me, and occasionally sets in the middle of his foreground elements which seem rather odd to me in that position. But this is only another way of saying again that it is his book and not mine.

* * *

It would be out of all proportion to argue whether my impressions or his are more nearly accurate. Probably neither of us is really accurate. It is much better fun to lift an eyebrow, and shrug a shoulder when he tells of French banking manners, of incredibly romanesque mail-carriers, when he defines spiritual Provence in one breath to include about anything south of Glasgow, and in another, restricts it to a few rock piles near Avignon. It is better fun, and more fitting to the suave spirit of the book not to get excited by his tendency to look at everything from a seat on the extreme Right, but to turn the pages till he changes the subject (never long in his rambling discursiveness), and begins an amusing flank attack on the Nordic obsession, or a diatribe against the *quartier de l'Etoile*, or the Riviera, or the commercially stimulated gaiety of tourist night-life. It is more than fun; it is real and rare pleasure to come across passages that occasionally flash through to the root of the whole matter, such as, "For you get here (the Rive Gauche) concentrated, the efficiency, the personal dignity, the regard for the *métier*, the seriousness, the frugality, the *terre à terre*, cheerful, usable philosophy. . . ." (I find "usable" especially good.) "Women from all over the world buy their hats in Paris not merely for the chic of the design, but because the extreme care of the seamstresses of the Rive Gauche gets an exactness of line, and ensures that that exactness of line will be commensurate with the life of the hat, or at any rate of the fashion. . . . As with women's hats, so with Thought and the Arts."

Or this evocation of his beloved Provence:

> I do not know whether you have ever watched a colony of lizards living upon a perpendicular rough white wall, over-topping which there will be three enormous stone-pines, pouring over which there will be branches bearing thickly young peach-blossoms, and behind the peach-blossoms the bright green shutters, the very white walls and the very red peaked roof of a very little "château de campagne." And over the whole there will be the absolutely translucent, hyacinthine bowl of the sky; and absolutely occupying every possible attention of the ear, there will be the sounds of the great mistral.

Or the delicious piece of foolery (too long to quote alas!) on page 257, with more truth in its lightness than in many treatises on national characteristics.

Or this savory appreciation of first-hand country living:

> Take flowers. By mass production you can raise an infinite number of perlargoniums, petunias, polyanthuses, and, for the matter of that, of primroses. But these are colored vegetables, not flowers. A flower is a frail, somewhat imperfect, charming thing that you pick, or allow to grow in your own bit of land, or along a hedge. To have in one's rooms one's own flowers, to have at table one's own fruits, one's own ducks, fowls, and other small meats—that is the highest happiness a man can know; a happiness of conquest over the stubborn earth and the inimical weather.

There are plenty of other good things in the book, a great many of them, almost on every page. But the reader must be prepared not to swallow whole the ideas in the book, nor to take any of it as the literal statement of fact which Mr. Ford certainly did not mean it to be. Like the rest of us, he has a good many fixed theses, and like the rest of us he contrives to see mostly what will help prove his case. With most of his convictions and conclusions and many of his tastes I do not agree. I am no such lover of hot, dry, dusty, windy regions as he is, and by no means share his loathing for the "repulsive lush greenness" of districts where it occasionally rains. But I have read the book with a lively enjoyment, and heartily recommend it to other people who know their own minds.

I have only one serious quarrel with him. Why did he call his book "A Mirror to France"? A better title would be "A Mirror to Ford Madox Ford."

Sanger's Circus

SEVENTY YEARS A SHOWMAN. By "Lord" George Sanger. With an Introduction by Kenneth Grahame. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by M. R. Werner
Author of "Barnum"

"Lord" George Sanger would have hated nothing more than the characterization of him as the English Barnum, for in his book he frequently takes the trouble to point out that there are no Yankee tricks practised by showmen which were not made in England. And Barnum would have been justified in having his objections too. There are, however, many points of similarity. Both showmen had their early training with travelling attractions, both eventually managed monster circus companies, and both wrote their autobiographies.

Whatever may have been their respective merits in gate receipts, Barnum had the advantage in autobiographies. "Lord" George Sanger's reminiscences are of a quieter nature and much less brilliant. He was also of a far inferior wit. However, his book is worth reading for the knowledge it gives of certain kinds of society in England during the period which began with the ascension of Queen Victoria and ended with her death. Sanger was born in 1827; his father, after being impressed into the Navy, served with Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, and then when the war was over, started a freak show which held its performances at the various country fairs in the English towns and villages. George Sanger literally lisped in show patter, for it was part of his work when he was less than ten years old to urge the country folk to "walk up and see the only correct views of the terrible murder of Maria Martin. They are historically accurate and true to life, depicting the death of Maria at the hands of the villain Corder in the famous Red Barn."

During the period from ten years of age to twenty George Sanger worked and travelled with his father and mother and their family all over England, exhibiting trained mice and rabbits, and fighting such hardships as plagues, ruffians, and the authorities, who believed firmly in those days that showmen were rather wicked. The attractions of these early English travelling shows were current events, such as leading murders, displayed through peep holes, a sprinkling of giants and giantesses, fortune-telling ponies, dwarfs, and Madame Stevens, "the Pig-Faced Lady," who "was really a fine brown bear, the paws and face of which were kept closely shaved." Sanger explained the deception in detail.

Conjuring in the early days of good Queen Victoria was considered part of the work of the devil, but Sanger developed the art to the fullest extent possible with his available materials. He continued to act, conjure, "bark," and perform in various other ways in his father's show, until one day he met the "exceedingly pretty" Ellen Chapman, "who was performing at Mr. George Wombwell's menagerie as Madame Pauline de Vere, the Lady of the Lions." Sanger was a hardy young man and did not consider it at all dangerous to marry a lion tamer, for he assures us that if treated with kindness the animals are never difficult. Madame Pauline de Vere after some time became Mrs. George Sanger, and Sanger now had his own travelling show.

The life of a travelling showman was made both troublesome and dangerous by the character of some of his patrons. Sanger gives this horrible picture of an occurrence at a Lancashire fair:

> He seemed to be expostulating with a crowd of miners about something, when all at once over went his stall, and the next minute he himself was under their feet with all of them kicking at him anywhere and everywhere as hard as they could. . . .
>
> Kicked to pulp is by no means too strong an expression, for that is what literally happened to the poor gingerbread seller. When the crowd with the kickers suddenly melted away there lay the body—I can see it now—a ghastly, shapeless thing in the clear sunlight, with the white dust of the roadway blotched here and there with purple stains.

When Sanger came up to London to give a show he hired a building in Clement's Lane, which later he discovered had been a charnel house, and more than twelve thousand bodies had been buried under the flooring. Soon after the building had been closed as a chapel, it was rented to a group of English speculators who put a brick floor over the wooden one containing the bodies and bones, and then advertised in this enticing fashion: "Enon Chapel. —Dancing on the Dead.—Admission Three pence. No lady or gentleman admitted unless wearing shoes and stockings."

Sanger continued to tour, and after many years of distressing hardship managed to make a great deal of money—enough for him to start a huge circus for London and the provinces. He now gave up such charming attractions as "The Wonderful Performing Fish and a Tame Oyster that sits by the fire and smokes his yard of clay." This consisted of a real oyster and a fake one, and a small boy sitting under the table and drawing in and exhaling smoke through rubber tubing. Sanger's big show was successful, and he hired Astley's, the historic home of English showmanship. He also operated a travelling show that toured the Continent. The Queen witnessed one of his performances, and his victory was complete. He reprints facsimiles of the letters of thanks from Her Majesty's secretary. Sanger had called himself "Lord" George—never omitting to put in the quotation marks because when he was engaged in a legal controversy with Buffalo Bill he was annoyed by the constant reference in the legal documents to the Hon. William F. Cody. He decided that if a Yankee could be Honorable, he could be at least a Lord, and in printing a show bill of the results of the case, he referred to himself as "Lord" George Sanger as often as the Hon. William F. Cody was mentioned. Sanger gives this account of his presentation to Queen Victoria:

> "Never, if I live to be a thousand years old, could I forget that interview. As I straightened myself from another bow I saw the eyes of my Sovereign upon me, the gaze was full of kindness.
>
> "In a voice singularly high, clear and penetrating, the Queen said, 'So you are Mr. Sanger?'
>
> "'Yes, your Majesty,' I replied.
>
> "Then with a smile and a twinkle in those steadfast eyes, '*Lord* George Sanger, I believe?'
>
> "This, with the accent on the 'Lord,' was distinctly embarrassing, but I managed to stammer out, 'Yes, if your Majesty pleases!'
>
> "'It is very amusing,' was the Royal lady's answer, 'and I gather you have borne the title very honorably!'
>
> "'Thank you, your Majesty,' I replied; 'your gracious kindness overwhelms me!'
>
> "'Do you know, you seem very young, Mr. Sanger?'
>
> "'Yes, your Majesty,' said I; 'but it may surprise you to hear that it was on the day of your Majesty's Coronation, at the fair in Hyde Park, that I put on my first performing dress.'
>
> "Her Majesty was appropriately astonished, and then wanted to know all about the elephants."

Sanger lived on until 1911, when he was eighty-four years old. He sold his large circus interests and retired to comparative peace and quiet, when one day a servant went mad and battered his employer to death with a hatchet.

Sanger's book was published many years ago, but this new edition contains a pleasant introduction by Kenneth Grahame, in which he gives his own reminiscences of English country fairs.

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Physics and Philosophy

PHYSICO-CHEMICAL EVOLUTION. By CHARLES EUGENE GUYE. Translated by J. R. CLARKE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by ALBERT P. MATTHEWS

University of Cincinnati

THE translator and publishers of this book have done the English and American public a very great service in making accessible to them these three extraordinarily absorbing and stimulating lectures of the distinguished Geneva physicist, Professor Guye. The subjects treated: our conceptions of space, time and matter, and the revolutionary change introduced in these conceptions by the theory of relativity; the question of the determinism of the course of physical evolution, and whether the evolution of living things is, as it were, bound on the wheel of fate; the question of the whither of the universe;—these are subjects of the most profound nature, intensely interesting to every thinking man, whether he be a scientist or not. Professor Guye has treated them with the hand of a master, authoritatively, but with such simplicity and clarity that any man of intelligence and general information can follow his argument without difficulty.

The first essay is entitled: "Einstein's Principle of Relativity in its Relation to the Classification of the Sciences." The last two are entitled respectively: "The Evolution of Physico-Chemical Phenomena and the Calculus of Probabilities;" and "Carnot's Principle and the Physico-Chemical Evolution of Living Organisms." These will be especially interesting to the general reader.

Professor Clausius in 1865 closed an essay, now one of the classics in the science of heat, with the statement of two universal laws; the first was the law of conservation of energy; the second was a consequence of a principle laid down by the great French physicist, Sadi Carnot, many years earlier. These two laws were stated as follows: 1. The energy of the universe in constant. 2. The entropy of the universe tends to increase to a maximum.

It is the second of these two laws which seemed to dominate the whole course of universal evolution. It stated in scientific language that the general course of transformation of the universe is toward a state of uniformity; that all spontaneous events take place in such a way that differences of level are wiped out. In the science of heat this law is given the form "heat can pass of itself only from a hotter to a colder body, and never in the reverse direction." Since this is so, and the temperature tends hence to fall, while the amount of heat, using the word heat in the general sense of energy, is a constant, the mass or volume factor of heat energy, which is called the entropy, must tend to increase.

Professor Guye discusses whether this law has the final or determinate character, inexorably determining the course of evolution, which it appears to have; and decides against it. He shows that the law is merely a statistical one due to the fact that the physicist and chemist deal only with inconceivably great numbers of molecules in every reaction. It states simply that these molecules will, by the law of chance, on the whole tend to arrange themselves in the most probable state. That is, two gases will make a uniform mixture. Our physical laws are, hence, only laws of averages; they do not enable us to predict individual molecular actions, but only the average action of a very large number of molecules. Hence, while it is highly improbable that molecules and masses will spontaneously distribute themselves unequally, yet it is not rigorously excluded that they may. What we really mean when we say that any event must be, is only that it is highly probable. But given time enough, the reverse process will eventually occur and differences of potential be recreated.

Particularly when small numbers of molecules are concerned the probability prediction has a large fluctuation. It is the unexpected which then happens. This is the case, he thinks, in living things. Kelvin and Helmholtz suggested that the second law of Clausius did not hold in living things. Professor Guye examines this possibility, but can find no evidence that there is any struggle against the degradation of energy; that is, against an increase in entropy. But to the reviewer it would seem that the phenomena of adaptation might be so interpreted; although there is no evidence that entropy is in them diminished. However, when living things are considered, their heterogeneity and the small size of the structural elements reduce to such a degree the number of molecules in the ultimate living unit that the fluctuations may become very large, and thus processes occur which would, in ordinary lifeless, or physical matter, be very improbable and consequently extremely rare. Thus it is the unexpected which happens in the living; the expected in the non-living.

He closes the third essay with an attempt at a unicist philosophy based on Carnot's principle and relativity. The energies, which constitute the positive and negative electrons and so the atoms, are supposed to have a tendency to create dissymmetrical structures which confer on them the power of acting on the medium which surrounds them. The dissymmetrical structures of the albuminous bodies are thus produced. Combined with this is the small size of the living element. "At length when the division is sufficiently fine, the intimate nature of the individual laws will become manifest. On our hypothesis it is then that life, with its phenomena of sensibility and conscious thought, can make its appearance in an appreciable manner." In other words, life is not anything new, but it, and consciousness, are in reality inherent properties of matter itself; but it is only in living things, which deal with small numbers of molecules and individual molecular forces, that these concealed properties become manifest to us. Life and thought must be sought in individual actions; the physical chemical evolution expressed by Carnot's principle is due to the statistical result of the action of large numbers of molecules.

It is impossible in a brief review to do more than suggest the course of the argument. There are points in his discussion of life which might be criticized; but for clarity, precision, simplicity of style and an absorbing discussion of the application of modern physics to profound philosophical questions, the book has, in the reviewer's opinion, no modern equal. It recalls in these regards the masterpieces of Lord Kelvin, Tyndall, and Huxley.

A Dim Period

FOUR CENTURIES OF MODERN IRAQ. By STEPHEN HEMSLEY LONGRIGG. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by F. W. WILLIAMS

Yale University

EVEN the most enlightened of us would find it hard to continue the course of events in western Asia after the Saracen conquests of the seventh century; none but specialists venture to penetrate the darkness which, in Mr. Longrigg's picturesque language, "falls over Iraq history from the hour when the light of the Kalifate was extinguished until the present century." The fringes of Arabia, containing seats of the world's oldest culture, have passed as completely out of the recognized areas of recorded history as though they had been blotted off the globe. The cause of this stupendous obscuration is fairly familiar but we do not generally understand its significance. No cataclysm in human history has equalled in its enormity the invasion of Jenghiz Khan's hordes. Other conquests have been made for settlement or plunder, this was primarily planned for the savage purpose of destroying the centers of culture and bringing the world back to the primitive life of the hunter and herdsman.

The fact that Mongol policy changed with the progress of their arms does not affect the appalling consequences of their initial purpose to extinguish urban life wherever found. In eastern Asia its effect was checked by a complete reversal of the original program under Kublai, and China survived. In Trans-Caspia, Inn, and Mesopotamia, where resistance was exasperating, a civilization dependent for its existence upon the work of trained hands was annihilated by the destruction of its whole plant and all its workmen. The devastation once accomplished no resuscitation was possible. A territory of three million square miles relapsed to desert and wilderness conditions, to nomadism with its impact of predatory tribes and the secular antagonisms of rival races and religions. The survivors of its master races, Persians, Arabs, and Turks, always deficient in political instinct and vitiated by traditions of corrupt and autocratic sway, knew no better than to quarrel over the wasted land and prey upon each other's preserves.

Another source of decline following the Mongol conquest was the ignorance of economic provision among the descendants of nomads. No successors to the townsfolk of Iran and Iraq, massacred by the barbarians, survived to restore the complex machinery of commerce and industry built upon the experience of past ages. The profitable exchange of commodities between the Mediterranean and the Far East ceased, the ancient caravan highways were abandoned, to be replaced presently by sea routes which turned the face of Europe away from the Levant and the habitudes of medievalism. No attention is paid by Mr. Longrigg to this phase of the great transformation brought about by the decadence of the "orient" of medieval history. He realizes, probably, that its consideration would carry him too far beyond the limits of his program, but the occidental reader needs to be reminded that this resultant of the Mongol inundation links his story with the beginnings of the modern world.

Two factors, geographical and racial, determine the course of affairs in western Asia. Below the Taurus and Zagros mountain masses the Semites, though often conquered, have always held their own racial and cultural predominance; when they in turn have prevailed beyond the mountains their people and culture have never endured long. The considerable period of Arab control over Persia under the first two Caliphates was nominal rather than effective. Their language never replaced Persian and their religion soon became a cult wholly antagonistic to orthodox Islam. Conversely the Semitic area was never long dominated by peoples of the north or east. On the north, while Seljuk and Osmanli Turks generally conformed to the Sunni creed and endorsed Arab opposition to the heretical Shiahs, they did not hold the lands south of the Taurus in willing subjection. Since the time of Mohammed, race, language, and religion in these three great divisions have always been more or less actively in counteraction, as they are today and were before his birth. The importance of Iraq or Mesopotamia derived from its strategic position on the front of Semitic culture and defence. After the Mongol assault its ancient economic value as a seat of empire was almost destroyed, but it remained an objective for the powers above and beyond the rivers. Their sordid conflicts over this cadaver of antique glory make up the substance of Mr. Longrigg's volume.

Neither of the protagonists in this depressing drama possessed qualities that offered a prospect of enduring success. Persia—human geldings so far as stock was concerned—threw up a dynasty now and then that gleamed briefly during a succession of upstarts, but the princes of Iran seem to have become hopelessly decadent. One of them, the first of the Safawis, made good his hold on Iraq at the unlucky moment when the greatest of the Sultans were completing the expansion of Turkey in Africa and Asia. So they drove the Persians out of the Tigris valley never to return except for raids. But the rivalry between Persian and Turk between 1500 and 1900 was only one peril to Sultan and subject in Iraq. The antipathy of both Arabs and Kurds to Stambul does not attach solely to their rulers "for the ruled did not refuse allegiance and obedience merely to the Turks as such, but to any government whose ways clashed (as must those of any) with their age-long lawlessness and special codes. . . . The difficulties of governing Iraq would have been profound to whomever the task had fallen, as other than Turks have found and will find again." It is a melancholy tale of political and moral deterioration during which successive generations relapsed into habits of lawlessness.

The author does not cast any horoscope for the future of a valley once and long rich and populous, yet the reader is fairly safe in making his own deductions from what is written. There is no hope, apparently, in a revival of Turkish rule. Arabs and Turks cherish older hatreds for each other than do any of the race groups of Europe. During four centuries of Turkish supremacy Islam has been the only unifying force between them, and when this is broken nothing survives to bring their Asiatic dominions back to Turkish allegiance; now the Turks themselves are breaking the bond. The new feeling for unity in Arabic Asia also is national not religious. The followers of the Prophet are turning from theological to secular speculations found in the literature of Europe, now translated and read with amazing avidity by Arab-speaking peoples. If this part of the world is to be quickened to productiveness it must be shown that the sources of prosperity lie in the ground, not in heaven—a mundane doctrine which priests as well as mullahs will deny but

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one that the British in Iraq are applying sensibly to their mandate. They realize that it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts them, and in this counsel they will succeed if any can; for, Mr. Longrigg tells us, "no Islamic state in modern times has reached the first rank among nations. The conservatism into which the tenets of that great religion are interpreted has proved incompatible with progress as it is ordinarily judged."

As a scholarly contribution to our knowledge of a dim period in a forgotten region, a solid book meant for sober readers, his work can hardly be too highly commended.

Realism Neat

HOT SATURDAY. By HARVEY FERGUSSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by GLADYS CHANDLER GRAHAM

"HOT SATURDAY" is not only a striking title, it is an accurate one as well. The entire action occurs on a certain Saturday, and this Saturday is undeniably hot, dubious connotations included. The twenty-four-hour novel seems to be as sympathetic a medium for the twentieth century writer as the three decker was for the eighteenth. Since Swinnerton's "Nocturne," one or two have cropped up each season, and, while many have rapidly joined the snows of yester-year, Joyce's "Ulysses," and Mrs. "Dalloway" of Virginia Woolf stand out as landmarks in the literary currents of the period. One is free to attribute the prevalence of this type either to the haste of the present generation which finds the events of more than a single day too taxing for the attention or to the psychological spirit that considers twenty-four hours of human consciousness material enough for any novel. Whatever the cause, Aristotle's fickle unities, having established their incompatibility of temperament with the drama, appear to be casting designing eyes upon the novel.

"Hot Saturday" concerns itself with a modern young heroine having too much imagination and animal spirits for the small town where she is destined to remain until marriage shall open the door to a more congenial realm. Consequent on her one means of escape, her chief preoccupation is with the male of the species. Although she has retained—through no fault of her own it must be added in all fairness—her technical innocence, gossip has branded her as "fast." Her ardors have frightened one youth away, her sophistication another. The matrimonial eligibility of the town is exhausted: the future holds only boredom and frustration. On the Saturday of the story there begins a race between fate and the lady. A wealthy young Easterner of moronic characteristics has appeared on the scene, and the game is to seduce him into a proposal of marriage before he shall hear any lurid stories of the past. The seduction is accomplished, the proposal achieved when fate ungallantly snatches the prize at the last minute. In the first hour of his engagement the young man is regaled with a drunken account of the former loves of his fiancée that fails even to give her credit for having adhered to the letter if not the spirit of chastity. In his perturbation, he literally takes to his heels. The girl seeing disappear this last male over whose live body she had hoped to climb to freedom, to opera boxes, and ermine evening wraps, and feeling that virtue as its own reward leaves much to be desired, it is up and over the windmill with her bonnet. After this comes a swift sardonic climax which it would be unfair to reveal.

While the book is primarily a portrait of Ruth Bruck done in the realistic manner, the author has so completely painted in the background that the little New Mexican city lies hotly exposed in its myopic futility. Mother Bruck with her "insatiable greed for worry," Father Bruck, a bully at home and joker abroad, are conjured up to join the great army of drab parents in American literature. The pettiness and malice of small town life are once more arraigned before the literary tribunal. This has all been done before and very well done. Mr. Fergusson does it again and does it very well. For difference he must depend upon his heroine and his ending. The book makes no compromise with sentimentality or Mrs. Grundy; it will not appeal to those who enjoy "pleasant fiction" nor will it soothe the Watch and Ward Society. It is essentially a book for those who take their realism real.

A Strong Woman

HER SON'S WIFE. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO state a moral situation in a creative way is doubtless the highest object of the novel; Miss Canfield here states not one, but a series of moral situations. Her book lacks the sharp unity which, upon first plunging into it, we expect it to achieve. It runs from one problem into others of entirely different though connected character; but that is what life itself does, and Miss Canfield is following the life of one heroic woman, Mrs. Bascomb. It is a story full of interest, full of warmth, full of shrewdly observant detail. Here and there it is careless in structure and style, and toward the close of the whole work seems not quite sufficiently matured. Yet from it there does emerge one striking personality.

It is with a dramatic catastrophe to her heroine that Miss Canfield opens the story. Mrs. Bascomb, long a widow, is shown the centre of a neat, comfortable, aspiring existence; a school teacher respected for her activity, culture, and executive ability. She is just pushing her son triumphantly through college. The catastrophe is his marriage. Unexpectedly he brings to his mother's home a tawdry saleswoman from a cheap clothing store; a girl with no character, no education, no refinement, and not even amiability—nothing but a vulgar kind of prettiness. Already a baby is coming. At one stroke Mrs. Bascomb loses nearly all that had made life worth living. She gives up her position in the community; her joy in her son; her hope that he would be an eminent lawyer; her delight in her spotless home; her leisure. She must share the house with wife and baby, she must drudge to help support them, she must endure the girl's coarseness and ill-humor. All this she does heroically. She does more. When Lottie neglects the baby, she becomes a real mother to it, furnishing devoted and scientific attention. Only when the house becomes utterly intolerable does she leave it, and seek a new position in a neighboring city. Thus ends the first phase.

* * *

Had Mrs. Bascomb been a little more weakly comfort-loving, or had she been more ruthless, her effort to shake herself free from her son and his wife would have been permanently successful. She made herself a new niche of respect, she enjoyed her work and her social life. But by accident she learned that her baby girl Dids—short for Gladys—was being hopelessly neglected and maltreated. She was growing up stunted physically, mentally, and morally. With swift decision Mrs. Bascomb returned to the old home, resumed her old teaching position, and took up again the care of her granddaughter. It was a gruelling struggle that she had to endure. Lottie's ill-temper, selfishness, and vulgarity had become more nearly intolerable than ever. The two fought an unceasing duel, in which the woman of refinement suffered far the worse. Her son, his life hopelessly wrecked, watched their wrangling apathetically. In the end Mrs. Bascomb had to resort to drastic methods to vanquish her antagonist, make the house endurable for herself, and create an atmosphere in which Dids could grow up healthfully and happily. She could not kill Lottie; she could not send her away. But conspiring with a local quack of some new cult in medicine, she convinced Lottie that she had dangerously injured her spine; and the two quickly converted the complaining woman into a bedridden invalid. She had to be humored, petted, and given every luxury, but in her third-floor room she was completely out of the way.

Having won her mastery of the household, Mrs. Bascomb justified it by the use she made of it. Dids grew up bright, clean-minded, a lover of poetry and beautiful things, an unselfish, wholesome little girl. She and her grandmother were the closest of companions. Taking her son in hand, Mrs. Bascomb found him a new career, in which he was happier and better paid. Tortured by her Puritan conscience for the way in which she had thrust Lottie into bed for life, she made what amends she could by surrounding that self-indulgent invalid with every comfort. Thus she brought to a triumphant conclusion the second phase of her existence with her son's family. She grew old, worried, and worn, but she had the comfort of seeing Dids graduate high in her class and set off gaily for college. And was that all? No, there was still another phase for the strong old woman to undertake. As Dids departed with her friends in the automobile, Mrs. Bascomb heard a sound of disconsolate weeping from Lottie's room:

> She looked in through the door, as she had looked so many thousand times before; and now she saw standing there a forlorn little phantom, a helpless, desolate child, who ought never to have been born, doomed from the hour she drew breath, ignorant, unprotected, warped, stunted. Had she come there, without knowing it, to look for help? Had she been standing there all these years waiting for a mother? . . .
>
> Lottie looked up and saw her standing there. "O, momma, I haven't got any body left but you," she said, whimpering.
>
> Mrs. Bascomb stepped forward quickly. She said, with a strong, comforting accent of affection, "Yes, we two will have to stick together now, Lottie, dear."
>
> Why, this was not the end, at all. It was only, at last, the beginning.

Miss Canfield's treatment of Mrs. Bascomb is protected from the charge of sentimentality by a relentlessly truthful examination of her motives. She was selfish in many a deed that the world would have called unselfish. She liked to feel how grievously her son and daughter-in-law were wronging her; she wanted to monopolize her grandchild. There were times when she wavered and times when she was base. On the whole, it is a spirited and timely truthful psychological study. It much more than redeems the novel from its frequent crudities of finish and its few defects of construction.

Russian Literature

CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By PRINCE D. S. MIRSKY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN
University of California

PRINCE DMITRI SVYATOPOLK MIRSKY presents the nowadays rare case of a gentleman and a scholar happily combined. He is one of those very few Slavs to have emulated with success the example of Joseph Conrad in acquiring a mastery of the English tongue. The range of his interests and information is truly catholic, furnishing him with an excellent equipment for the comparative study of literature. What makes him particularly unique among the Russian *émigrés* of this day is his unbiased broadmindedness. Though a member of the highest aristocracy and son of one of the Czar's generals and ministers; though he has been thoroughly opposed to the Bolshevik revolution, and fought against the red armies in the ranks of Denkin's troops, Prince Mirsky speaks of Soviet Russia and its literature without rancor and with remarkable objectivity. It is natural that the intransigeant *ci-devants* cannot forgive him this "betrayal," and the brilliant Zinaida Hippius (Mme. Merezhkovsky) tries to assassinate him with contempt. It is incomprehensible to them how this aristocrat and "White" can find any talent among Soviet writers, how he dare exculpate the Bolsheviki from the charge of having caused the death of Alexander Blok, and especially how he can speak of Gorky without gnashing his teeth. The reviewer is gratified to find in Prince Mirsky's book a confirmation of the view he has held and advocated for years, namely that Maxim Gorky's alleged Bolshevik activity has been chiefly a non-political endeavor to conserve and perpetuate Russian culture. Speaking of the starvation period of 1918-1921, D. S. Mirsky tells us that Gorky's

> activity in those dreadful years was extraordinarily useful and salutary. He played the part he pretended to, of defender of culture and civilzation, as well as he could have done. The debt of Russian culture to him is very great. Everything that was done between 1918 and 1921 to save the writers and other higher intellectuals from starvation was due to Gorky. . . . His great place in modern Russian letters is entirely due to his personal part in the salvaging of Russian civilization when it was in danger of going down.

The last sentence is typical of the author's social-political objectivity and subjective literary judgment. His book abounds in startling statements and arbitrary verdicts laconically declared and often unsupported by proof or illustration. One readily welcomes his comparatively novel and fresh approach to many "established" writers, but one is left in the air by such sweeping and hardly warranted opinions as that the critic Pisarev was "a brilliant pamphleteer," while Leontyev's book on Tolstoy "is the

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only genuine book of literary criticism in the whole second half of the nineteenth century;" that Andreyev's symbolic plays are "merely dialoguized litanies in bad prose," that "about 1914, Jack London was the most popular Russian writer," or that "all" the volumes of Balmont's poetry after 1905 are "worthless." In such cases, and these are rather numerous, one inclines to relegate the author to the category of Hippius and Bryusov, whom he regards as "recorders of critical judgments: they are judges, not interpreters." What is more, these judgments are intended for the expert; the average English, let alone American reader, is ill prepared for their suddenness and bewildering variety. Only the expert can take issue with the author, when he, for example, disapproves with categorical severity the style of Chekhov, Gorky, Mereshkovsky, Bulgakov, and of other individualistic writers whose stylistic nuances are lost in translation. And even the expert fails to appreciate such a dictum as that Russian Symbolism, aside from its Western element, "had also a 'Slavophil' soul." Slavophilism is not discussed in this book, the second volume of a work whose first volume has not yet appeared.

Another difficulty which this book presents is its lack of unity and proportion. It often produces the impression of a collection of essays whose connection and sequence are not inevitable, and it suffers occasionally both from excessive length and excessive brevity. In his preface the author modestly asserts that his book aims to be nothing more than "a Baedeker to recent Russian literature." He discusses not only writers of fiction and verse but also dramatists, journalists, publicists, theologians, philosophers, critics, these to be sure not in a thorough and exhaustive manner, but selectively. The author's choice of subjects, and his conception of their relative importance, are highly arbitrary. Surely the non-Russian reader will find no justification for the relative space given to Leontyev, Rosanov, Berdyayev, or to Boldyrev, the author of a few journalistic articles. Nor will he appreciate the author's sense of measure in devoting twelve pages to Bely and only one annihilating sentence to Alexey Tolstoy's "Road to Calvary." In his endeavor to cover too wide a field within less than four hundred pages, Prince Mirsky, indeed, becomes at times Baedekerian, or to be less caustic, certain of his chapters sound encyclopædic. Perhaps this great accumulation of material is responsible for such errors as regarding Artzsybashev's "Sanin" as a reflection of the general disillusionment after the revolution of 1905 (the novel was actually written in 1903), or as the wrong name and patronymic of Muratov, or as the statement that Vyacheslav Ivanov is at present in Moscow, "where he is said to be on excellent terms with the Bolshevik leaders" (he is actually in Rome, producing remarkable literary work, and half starving).

I have dwelled on the negative sides of the book precisely because on the whole it is an eventful contribution to the study of modern Russian literature, and it is a pity to have this general impression marred by defects that could have been avoided. It is the first book in any language to take up Russian literature from about 1880 to 1925, in a bold and original manner, transvaluing many accepted values. We may be vexed with the axiomatic tone which Count Mirsky employs in making debatable statements, we may resent his lukewarm attitude toward the majority of the writers under discussion, and we may be hurt by his slighting remarks about Chekhov and Andreyev. But we are constrained to doff our hats with respect for the independent and brilliant personality of the young critic. His chapters on Tolstoy after 1880, on Sologub, and on Blok are critical gems, and his discussion of present day Soviet literature is invaluable both as information and analysis.

"One of the most famous printers of the latter part of last century," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "was Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, who founded the Doves Press in 1884. One evening in conversation with Mrs. William Morris, he remarked how anxious he was to make use of his hands. Mrs. Morris replied, 'Then why don't you learn bookbinding? That would add an art to our community, and we would work together.' In this way was founded the famous Doves Press, Hammersmith. Cobden-Sanderson kept an extensive diary which should make interesting reading. It is to be published by his son, Mr. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, in the autumn."

The BOWLING GREEN

Precis of a Journey. V.

PERHAPS the habit of writing on window-panes with diamonds has gone out. But if one had a diamond, what would one write with it? It was François Premier (wasn't it?) who scratched the glass at Chambord with his laborious

SOUVENT FEMME VARIE
BIEN FOL EST QUI S'Y FIE

whereas Philippe Pot, that old Burgundian warrior of the fifteenth century, if left alone with any glaziery, incised a prettier and briefer epigram of his lady—TANT L VAUT. Oliver Goldsmith, on the glass of his window at Trinity College, Dublin, merely put his name and the date. *O. Goldsmith, March 1746,* you can see the broken fragment in the beautiful library at T. C. D. But you won't have much tranquillity to ponder it, for the garrulous attendant will be excessive on the manuscript of the Book of Kells. However, by attending him singly while the other prowled thoughtfully about, Madrigal and I managed to see some of the charms undistracted.

> With pride the verger's bosom swells
> And endlessly he tells and tells
> The story of the Book of Kells.
> I want to weave my own small spells,
> Evoke my private heavens and hells
> And sniff the fragrant calfskin smells
> And dip my beezer in these wells
> Of Irish Undefiled—
> He tells
> The story of the Book of Kells.

What I was wondering was how Oliver, the poor young student, got hold of a diamond.

* * *

It was delightful to loiter a while about the courts of T. C. D., to watch the boys in gowns and sand-colored bags, the humorous-faced coeds, the frequent bicycles. A notice posted at the lodge took me quite into the Oxford feeling of thirteen years ago—*Senior Sophisters are reminded that before they can sit for the B. A. Exam. the fee must be paid to the Junior Bursar.* But there is more an air of alertness, less an air of picturesque luxury, than at Oxford. In some queer way you get the feeling that a larger proportion of these students are making sacrifices for their schooling, and that they have a living to earn. The undergraduate magazine, called *T. C. D.*, is as agreeably young as journals of that sort always are. Reading it I learned that the College Historical Society had lately debated the thesis "That the English Empire has seen its best days." The motion was lost. A literary society of the women students had read a paper on T. S. Eliot. "In respect of Mr. Eliot's poetry Miss FitzHenry said that, like most of the younger generation of American writers, he has been strongly influenced by his French contemporaries. She considered that his work marks an epoch in the development of American poetry. The meeting adjourned for tea."

* * *

To one who wearies of the waste and idle display in New York, who grins a little ruefully at the Peaches Browning and Rudolph Valentino phases of our era, there is a heartening sense of frugality in Dublin life. The most luxurious car that I saw was a Dodge sedan. The Abbey Players were not in action so we went one evening to the Gaiety to see an American mystery play—"In the Next Room," by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. It was a quite worthy piece but the most interesting thing to observe was the faces in the audience. You see it again in the portraits in the Irish National Gallery. What is it in the Irish face that so oddly strikes the observer from New York? Is it the absence of certain Mediterranean and Levantine types that are part of our daily panorama here? My mind keeps coming back to the word *frugal*, I don't just know why. There seemed something sensitive, quaint, obstinate, and simple in those profiles as one watched them watching the stage. Comments of this sort are futile and vain, but there was a very real feeling that this middle-class audience (none in evening dress) had not been spoiled by any pseudo-sophistications. I couldn't help thinking that it would have loved "Abie's Irish Rose;" and indeed it has its Mutt and Jeff in a Dublin newspaper every evening, buys its odds and ends at Woolworth's. One of the selections played by the orchestra was "Waters of the Perkiomen," and Madrigal and I wondered if anyone else in the house knew where that creek is. An almost equal surprise was to find Sargent's portrait of Woodrow Wilson in the gallery on Merrion Square.

I don't know just what Terenure is—the name of some suburb, I suppose. But most of the trams we saw carried that name, and one afternoon Madrigal and I rode out in that direction, then descended for a walk in a blow of rain. We admired a provocatively handsome young woman striding along with an Airedale terrier, quite regardless of the wet; but you soon give up noticing admirable women in Dublin, there are too many of them. We sheltered a while in a pub, and then found ourselves by the Milltown golf course where a solitary player was finishing his round in the wet. Madrigal, an enthusiastic golfer, was anxious to prove the quality of Irish turf, so we climbed up on the links and Madrigal begged permission to drive a couple of balls. The member, a young medical student, was delightfully hospitable. Fortunately Madrigal's drive was a beauty, in spite of a bumpy gale. "It's easy to see he knows the game," said the medico. We adjourned to the clubhouse, and presently our host, due at his hospital, insisted on driving us back to town in his Dodge. In the course of the chat he told us quite seriously that he had heard that in Chicago hotel doors were always made with a little loophole, so that you could look out before opening to make sure it wasn't a gunman. We denied this, but I think he still believes it so.

* * *

I do not think that Dublin gives up her secrets easily to the casual visitor, and I shall always be suspicious o fthose who summarize her in quick, sparkling vein. Trying to feel one's way toward the truth is often a dull and patient business. I confess that she gave me no easy clue to her temperament—as one notices in Paris, for instance, in the constant scream of bus-brakes. (Is it not thoroughly Parisian to be travelling too fast and then have to halt hastily?) It was surprising to one from New York, where buildings crash down and leap up again in a few months, to find the wreckage of her Troublesome Times only just now beginning to be repaired. Americans also will be amazed to find marked on thermometers that 55 to 65 degrees is Healthy Indoor Temperature. But there can be no question as to her charm. Wandering round Merrion Square or in St. Stephen's Green at dusk you may sometimes think you have come within guessing distance of her troubled magic. But if so you'll not spoil it by trying to put it prematurely into speech.

* * *

When you get aboard the steamer at Kingston (or Dun Laoghaire, pronounced Dunleary, as they write it now) on a bright breezy morning you'll find the swift little vessel lined with gulls. They sit along the lifeboats as though they were members of the crew. Thirteen of them flew with us all the way to Holyhead, more than sixty miles. I watched them carefully, they soared apparently without effort, keeping to windward and a little aft of us. The mail packet, speeding more than 20 knots with the characteristic ringing chime of turbine engines, never outsped their easy glide. (If a big transatlantic liner had a baby, it would be just like one of those trim cross-channel racers). The gulls followed us; as far as I could see they never flapped their wings at all except when occasionally one would fall behind to investigate some jetsam. They appear to be merely lovely, but what a sharp eye they have for scraps.

And so I thought what a pretty and poetical bit one could write about those mysterious Irish gulls, their easy irresponsible grace, their bright fanatical eyes. One might pretend to see in them some symbol of the Irish soul. But it would only be a purple passage, and anyone without conscience can pull a purple passage. What I really thought about those gulls, as the hill of Howth went dark behind us, was that they were too beautiful for words. And so they were.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Wyndham Lewis's "The Art of Being Ruled," which was reviewed in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for July 31 from the English edition, is to be issued next week in this country by Harper & Brothers.

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Books of Special Interest

Music and Our Schools

MUSIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA. By ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONDS
Yale University

FEW aspects of music have changed more remarkably in the last decade than the attitude of schools, colleges, and certain public institutions toward the art. In elementary schools the old system of drilling on a single "do-mi-sol" exercise for a half-hour has been largely supplanted. In high schools, where until recently the glee and banjo clubs were the only form of music allowed, with perhaps a weekly chorus-period for the enthusiasts, we now have full orchestras,—strings, brass, and in the excess of our ardor, four people at two pianos. Though music in boys' private schools has lagged behind athletics and dramatics, there are now opportunities for boys in their teens to continue studying instruments and to hear masterpieces in recitals. Colleges with non-musical traditions like Bryn Mawr have opened departments of music, art museums make the gesture of admitting music to the status of painting and sculpture by offering concerts. Yale University, which ten years ago had one course in musical history and appreciation, now presents ten; while the Harvard Glee Club has astonished the whole university world by proving that undergraduates can be induced to sing Palestrina to their own enjoyment and that of the audience.

Dr. Archibald Davison, the author of the book, "Music Education in America," was more responsible than any other man, in his rôle of leader of the Harvard Glee Club, for the change which came over that organization and in writing this book he knows whereof he speaks. While his observations are not flattering, they are worth careful consideration. He points out our tendency still to surrender to the fallacies that music and the understanding of music can be bought and sold in the marketplace: that the more mechanically perfect the music is the greater artistic stimulus we receive from it: that one can be an intelligent patron of the art by letting music be pumped into one's ears, remaining quiescent under the process as if it were the latest inoculation, or guzzling it down in quantity as we are said to guzzle champagne. That we are as a nation scientific rather than artistic is suggested by our preoccupation with technical methods, our anxiety to chart the path up Parnassus in as straight a line as is compatible with the grades. We seem to ignore the fact that any path up that celebrated mountain is of inspiring beauty.

In elementary schools, Dr. Davison contends, there is still too much veneration of sight-singing as an end in itself, too little consideration of it as a means to the production of beautiful sounds in orderly sequence. The formation of taste in the individual pupil is slighted, since it is a difficult task. Worst of all, the whole subject of music may be taught in so stereotyped a fashion that the joy of listening is never conceived. To such a mechanical view of the art, Dr. Davison ascribes the distaste of many high school students for music,—distaste so strong that even when the subject is offered for credit it is not elected. Memory contests of the superficial type which reduces recognition of a composition to recognition of its first eight measures are condemned as ultimate tests of intelligence, and the reduction of harmony to a kind of vertical mathematics kills all sense of progression and adventure in music. Of course the value of Dr. Davison's book lies not so much in its destruction of existing methods as in its suggestions for improvements in the pathetically difficult art of inducing people to attend to one of the rarest delights in the world.

The general spirit displayed is so fearless in its dismissal of antiquated attitudes that one is doubly surprised to find one such attitude persisting throughout—the attitude toward the playing of instruments and especially of the pianoforte. On page 129 we find: "In learning to play the pianoforte, industry, not intelligence, is the chief requirement," and "to learn to play the pianoforte may be compared basically with learning to use a typewriter." These are no more than half-truths if even that; and precisely this attitude of grouping the pianoforte with the typewriter because both instruments have keys and depend to an extent on mechanism, is responsible for the deplorable, inexpressive, efficient piano-playing which Americans applaud in their concert-halls. We must suppose that it takes no intelligence to determine what quality and quantity of tone are needed for a certain note, and which of forty different varieties of touch gives the proper tone. One might as well accuse a painter of using no intelligence in painting a picture because colors exist in themselves on his palette. The type of automatic tactile memory alluded to as the means whereby pianists memorize was discredited years ago; and as for the idea quoted from Professor Langfield, who does not "see how generalization could come into such a course" (in piano-playing), generalization forms a most important part of teaching the instrument. Only through giving the pupil general rules concerning rhythm, touch-forms, tone-inflection, pedalling, treatment of dissonance and the like, not to speak of the particular rules which must apply in the work of a single composer and constitute in great measure what is termed his style,—only through these generalizations can one ever hope to teach a pupil how to work out compositions without aid, fully expressing his individuality; and that is the aim of every good teacher, for art without individuality is impossibly dull. One cannot divorce honest study of pianoforte-playing from the study of music; that the two are ever separated merely argues the teaching of the instrument to be inadequate. But if we eliminate from the course of study for the Bachelor of Arts degree all subjects which are badly taught we shall not end with the elimination of pianoforte-teaching.

Journeys in China

PEKING TO LHASA. The narrative of Journeys in the Chinese Empire, made by the late Brigadier-General George Pereira. Compiled by SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. With maps and illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE LINNELL

SIR Francis Younghusband was confronted in the making of this book by the no means easy task of converting the field diary of an Empire-building British soldier, with a passion for accurate detail, into a colloqual book for the lay reader. The apparent purpose of the trip was the making of the very excellent map which is appended to the volume. Who can say what really prompts a man, fifty-six years old, lame and with a weak back, to spend a year and a half on an arduous journey from Peking to the fabled, forbidden city of Lhasa, and then, immediately, to start out again on two new journeys, not so long, but quite as arduous? The amazing part of the story is General Pereira's repeatedly expressed distaste for China and Tibet.

The book is unique in that he was neither running away from anything, teaching anything, or pursuing anything. Most other books on this part of the world have been written from the standpoint of the hunter, the hunted, or the missionary—sometimes all three together. The public has therefore acquired a fantastic, romantic idea of the hidden places of China and Tibet, on which General Pereira's clear unbiased observation throws a light at once revealing and disillusioning. Disillusioning, because the hidden places are to him neither hidden nor mysterious. He does not dwell on the romance of the Lamas, on their philosophies, or their filth. He has dinner with them as casually as though they were Church of England prelates. He discusses concisely the political situation of 1923 in that part of the world, and tells exactly where model prisons and modern courts can be found, and where malefactors are forced to kneel on chains before their mediæval-minded judges. He speaks again and again of the habit of the soldier escort furnished him by local magistrates of leaving their arms behind them when passing through brigand-infested territory, through fear that the brigands would be tempted to attack the party to obtain guns! Of the probably ten thousand miles or more, covered in the three trips, not more than a few hundred were over actually unknown territory.

Three articles on the political situation in China, written by General Pereira in 1921 and 1923 are appended to the book. His prophecies have been well borne out by subsequent events, which is, no doubt, the reason why they were included.

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Books of Special Interest

Sociology

REGIONAL SOCIOLOGY. By RADHAMAL MUKERJEE. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $3.

HISTORY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By FRANK W. BLACKMAR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $3.

HISTORICAL MATERIALISM. By NIKOLAI BUKHARIN. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $3.25.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. LINDEMAN

REGIONAL sociology, as viewed and interpreted by Professor Mukerjee, represents an attempt to determine the relations between social phenomena and corresponding environmental factors. Its area of interest is broader than the sub-division which was formerly catalogued under the awkward title of Anthropogeography. Professor Mukerjee is concerned over the total environment, not merely its physical or more static features; when he speaks of influence of fauna upon social development, he includes microbes as well as domestic animals. His points of departure are botany and zoölogy.

His book is enlivened by a wealth of first-hand observations. Happily, his native situation provides excellent material for his present purposes. It is much easier to point out a definite correlation between regional environment and social evolution in India than it would be, say in the United States. (There are still some excellent opportunities for investigation along these lines in the Southern states—opportunities which are, however, rapidly diminishing under the standardizing impetus of industry). The tempo of modern life is accelerating, not merely here and there but everywhere. Regions and their corresponding sociological types will certainly be less and less stable in co-relation as the technologies advance. This is not to infer that regional sociology will consequently count for less; on the contrary, the dynamic movement of modern life raises this kind of science to a new level of significance; rapidity of the demands for adjustment implies that greater technical skill will be needed if failures are not to outrun successes. Professor Mukerjee points the way, I think, for this new exploration—new, that is, not in the sense that it has been unknown, but rather in the sense that it is now being reduced to scientific proportions.

⁂

There exists at the moment a rather acute interest in the query: "Where did we come from?" Utopias have had their day; what we now desire is not a sign of perfection but assurance that our past holds out the promise of continuity and progress. We are still optimists with the difference that whereas we formerly (since the early nineteenth century at least) took two looks forward for every one backward we are now reversing the process. Anthropologists, paleontologists, and embryologists have by their findings made us humble; the precise origin of man is still unknown but we do know enough to confine our search to lowly earth rather than airy clouds. Professor Blackmar in his "History of Human Society" attempts to trace the evolution of civilization from the viewpoint of a sociologist, *i.e.*, a person who studies man in association, not man as an individual. He commences with prehistoric man and closes with an examination of contemporary restlessness in the United States. In thirty-two chapters he encompasses an unbelievably wide number of topics—which indicates that this is an outline or survey rather than a thorough-going study of cultural development. Many of the conclusions which Professor Blackmar derives from the material which he considers seem to me to be either unwaranted or premature. When the sociologist becomes philosopher and hazards generalizations based upon the researches of others, he invariably says too much or too little.

⁂

What sort of art, literature, and science may we expect from Soviet Russia? Americans, steeped in a more or less crude philosophy of pragmatism, have been asking this question from the start. We may not take the time to examine communism as a theory but we shall certainly watch its results; and by its results we shall judge it. In one case, science is patently free and unaffected by its social environment. A chemist ought to get the same results from the same methods in a communistic or capitalistic state. But, to assume that this same quality of detachment prevails in the human or social scientists constitutes a naive, not to say false, premise. It should not make us cynical to note that we usually get the kind of economic theory which suits the business practise of the period. In this respect, Professor Bukharin of Russia is refreshingly candid; he is developing a system of sociology which is intended to vindicate the theory of communism, and he frankly says so.

Historical materialism is the first scholarly attempt to erect a socio-philosophical foundation for modern communism. Needless to say, Karl Marx still furnishes the corner-stones. (This tendency to canonize Marx and to use quotations from his writings as a stop-gap to further argument—which communists have in common with Christians—is so annoying and unscientific that one needs to strive against the impulse to discount Bukharin even when he bases his conclusions upon objective materials.) Three major concepts constitute the hypothesis of historical materalism: (a) economic determinism, or the theory that social forms are conditioned casually by economic processes; (b) social labor, or the theory that work is the basic social relation; (c) the class struggle, or the theory that under capitalism a conflict between workers and owners is inevitable. These propositions are, of course, stated too simply. There are numerous corrollaries which this volume raises to new significance, and the student who thinks he knows his Marxian doctrine will do well to allow Bukharin to bring him up to date. Unlike most books of its kind, "Historical Materialism" is written in a style which is rhythmic and highly pleasing even in translation.

Dusting England

THE STATE OF ENGLAND. By "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926.

POST-WAR BRITAIN. A French Analysis. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. Translated from the French by H. H. Hemming, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARTIN HEMPHILL

WHEN Mr. Harold Begbie goes a-dusting, he usually does it with a hammer. In "The State of England," "The Gentleman with a Duster" tries his hand at economics. Very soon, however, he tires of them, and the main body of the book is devoted to a somewhat lengthly tirade against the social decadence of the Upper Classes or, rather, the "Rich" in England. By the end of the book we find the author, having failed to give any serious consideration to the solution of the economic problem which he started by propounding and having apparently tired of his invective against the practices of modern society, airing his opinions on the Theory of Good and Evil with the aid of frequent quotations from the works of the late Doctor Besanquet. It is somewhat doubtful whether a widespread belief in the "Moral Law" and "the Good-in-Itself" would prove a panacea for the economic diseases that threaten the fabric of English—or for that matter any other—society. The futility of blaming the economic failure of a people upon the social degeneration of society is the more apparent, when we contemplate the unexampled prosperity of the United States of America and at the same time reflect that almost all of the social practices, which are singled out for the warmest invective, are present—in most cases to a far greater degree—in the prosperous society of the United States.

A good knockabout comedian usually raises a laugh and so does the Gentleman dusting with his hammer. He is amusing when least convincing. Poor little children of the rich in England! They are so effete, that they cannot even play any more; they must be taught to run about and throw balls! Surely they are fitting offspring for a generation whose "men must suffer the degradation of Sandowism and the perils of patent medicines in order to escape the most hideous forms of disease." And so on and so forth, till one is tempted to go and enjoy the fantastic humor of a place like England, where the novel is blasphemous and obscene, the cinema crude, the music blatant, the press, the advertising, everything in fact about as funny as can be imagined.

It is a relief to turn to the thoroughly sound study of the economic problem, which we have in Monsieur Siegfried's "Post-War Britain." The book is not merely full of interesting information, but is also both readable and entertaining, which is no small achievement for an economic work laboring under the disadvantage of being a translation from the original French. During the course of the nineteenth century Great Britain built up a colossal economic structure. The Free Trade doctrines of Richard Cobden and the Manchester School were the foundation of this structure. Every student of politics or economics realizes the advantages that Free Trade has brought to England. Very few, however, bear in mind the continual international implications of Free Trade. England more than any country in the world is at the mercy of the international situation. England, a centre of international finance, the hub of international commerce, an exporter and an importer of necessity, reacts, the first among the nations, to any instability in the political or economic situation of the world. For a foreigner, M. Siegfried's observations upon England are unusually sound; he realizes the economic crisis, analyzes it, and treats of the Imperialist solution in a most able manner. Now and then he is a little out of date; for instance, there is a Secretary of State for the Dominion, and the Cabinet Secretariat has ceased to exist since "Post-War Britain" went to press. But these are details, and the chapters on "The Economic Crisis" and "The Main Factors of British Prosperity" are as good as anything that has been written on the subject.

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

THE reviewers, as I recall it, were kind to Concha Espina when "Dulce Nombre" and "La Esfinge Maragata" were translated a few seasons ago, but I believe I am still justified in saying that Blasco Ibáñez represents contemporary Spanish literature to English-speaking readers. If neither of those novels had a wide popular success, her most recent work, "Altar Mayor," is not likely to find more favor. It is a long, leisurely narrative, which pleases in the original because of the tender, graceful melancholy of its style, rather than by reason of its story-telling qualities. The scene is laid at Covadonga in Asturias, a region hallowed in Spanish religious and secular history, where the cathedral and Chapel of Santa María are the goals of pious pilgrimages, and the mountains and valleys are rich in sacred and profane legend.

Against this storied background Concha Espina has set a modern tragedy of love frustrated by family pride and convenience, in which Javier de la Escosura embodies a type of futile weakling peculiar to Spanish fiction, while Teresa is another Concha Espina heroine whose charm, intelligence, and sensitiveness do not enable her to escape a mean destiny. She is a modern girl, in so far as the phenomenon is possible in Spain, but to readers in this country her existence will seem as fabulous as that of a character from Jane Austen. "Man proposes and God disposes" literally describes the sequence of events, for it is Teresa's lot to oscillate between the illusions of romantic love and the consolations of romantic religion, and never had either a more dramatic setting than under the shadow of that cathedral on the side of the mountain, or in the cave of the Santa María Chapel. Concha Espina evokes that stupendous background as unostentatiously as she tells her simple story embroidered upon the oldest of themes. It is only when one has been carried along by the gentle sussuration of her musical prose to the end of a stout volume that one realizes how supremely personal is the enchantment of Concha Espina's style.

* *

It is far removed, indeed, from the sardonic note of Pío Baroja, whose last book is an unpretentious little volume called "Entretenimientos," containing two playlets and a lecture. The two former were written solely for the amusement of some friends but they led him to make a characteristic pronouncement on the subject of writing: "A work is always easier to write, the more artificial and mannered its characters are. A work is most difficult when its characters are drawn from life." Baroja further declares that in literature nothing could be more false than the assumption that youth is revolutionary and iconoclastic, while age is conservative. "One does not begin by reading Dostoievsky with enthusiasm and end by emending the dictionary of the Academy. . . . Galdós, Valera, Echegaray, Sorolla, Regoyos, Zuloaga have held as they grew old the same æsthetic views as when they were young."

In its brief compass Baroja's lecture, delivered at the Casa del Pueblo in Madrid last May, covers some interesting points for foreign readers of Spanish literature. It is called "Three Generations" and deals with the generations born about 1840, 1870, and 1900, showing the conditions under which each developed and what might be expected of the products of such conditions. Baroja was led to a consideration of the subject by the thought, which must often have occurred to others outside Spain, namely, that the second half of the nineteenth century produced no outstanding personality in art, literature, or science. We have all, to some extent, heard of Cervantes, Calderón, Góngora, Quevedo, Fray Luis de Granada, Baltasar Gracián, or Molina. But their successors: Cánovas, Castelar, Salmerón, Moret, Azcárate,—are they even names to educated people who are not Spanish? Núñez de Arce and Campoamor may be mentioned in college courses in Spanish literature, but the only writer of the period—Galdós outlived it—who is known generally was Echegaray. Baroja sharply defines the conditions which produced a strange array of pseudo-personalities.

If they have nothing else in common, Concha Espina and Baroja have both to contend with the domination of Blasco Ibáñez abroad. Six volumes by Baroja have met with the applause of all critics and the complete indifference of the general public. Under the title of "The Lord Labraz" (Knopf), his American publisher is trying for the seventh time to interest American readers in him. Everybody who likes Baroja has a preference amongst his novels and doubtless some innocent enthusiast suggested that the reason why "Weeds," "The Quest," "Red Dawn," "The City of the Discreet," and "Caesar or Nothing" met with scant appreciation is because they are not as good as "The Lord of Labraz." They are all later works, but unlike what is known of Baroja in English as this novel is, it would be folly to argue as to whether it is better. "El Mayorazgo de Labraz" was published in 1903, and the author's own opinion of it is worth quoting:

> It is an uneven, badly composed novel, but it has a basis of romanticism and a certain movement and color. At first I tried to write it all in dialogue, in the style of a Shakespearian tragedy. For the first few days all went well, but as I advanced I could see no way of getting around my difficulties. To a German friend who was insisting that I should finish the work I said:
>
> "Do you know what I need to finish it?"
>
> "What?"
>
> "Rhetoric. If I could find a reason for providing my characters with a pretext for talking in a highfalutin', stiff way, or if they could bring mythological images into their conversation, then I could go ahead, but the necessity for simplicity delays me."
>
> I was thus held in a state of indecision when the firm of Henrich in Barcelona asked me for a novel, so I decided to turn my dialogue into narrative. I padded out the text with descriptions and notes of a journey which I made with my brother Ricardo and Paul Schmitz to the source of the Duero. Later, when the second edition appeared, I wanted to revise and improve it but I could not do it. A great many of the characters are taken from life. All those in the first part, which takes place in a village inn, are true to life.

Perhaps this time, with the assistance of an English translator, Aubrey F. G. Bell,—his predecessors have all been Americans—Pío Baroja will get from the reading public the recognition which the critics and his own countrymen have not failed to accord him. Meanwhile, it seems, Blasco Ibáñez must be taken seriously, and I find myself publicly charged by Frances Douglas, one of his earliest translators and the great friend and translator of Concha Espina, with being responsible for the statement that Blasco is not read by the respectable people in Spain. What I have said is slightly different, to wit, that the reputation of Blasco Ibáñez abroad is exaggerated, and that his literary status in Spain is not what his movie contracts and colossal sales in this country might lead the trusting to believe.

* *

It so happens that a volume by an admiring young friend, Emilio Gascó Contell, has just been published on Blasco Ibáñez, as part of a series known as "Los Grandes Escritores," which has been appearing in Spanish although issued by the Agencia Mundial de Libreria in Paris. So far, I have seen three books in the series: "Jacinto Benavente," by Ángel Lázaro, "Armando Palacio Valdés," by A. Cruz Rueda, and the recent "Vincente Blasco Ibáñez," by the editor-in-chief of the firm. All three are distinguished from the few fruitless efforts in the past to issue such monographs successfully by being well done. The writers are fervent admirers of their subjects, but they do present their material in an orderly, intelligible, and interesting way, which is more than can be said for most works of this kind in Spain.

Blasco's defiance of the Dictatorship has, of course, made him a figure of specifically Spanish as distinct from international interest once more, and not even the fulminations of that popular journalist El Caballero Audaz against the "novelist who sold his country" can take away from the fact that Blasco Ibáñez preferred to stand against Primo de Rivero when it would have been easier to acquiesce in accomplished facts. Republicanism is no new thing for him, and he is not a purely intellectual type of radical like Unamuno. Blasco's politics, like his writings, are downright, elementary, and intended for mass consumption. He is a much more dangerous man from Primo de Rivero's point of view than Unamuno. Fortunately, too, exile for him does not entail the pecuniary hardship that it does for the ex-rector of Salamanca University.

Blasco's novels are free from political heresy nowadays, and so they are not interfered with by the censorship, and nothing could be more natural than that they should profit to some extent by the recent history of the author indicting his King from Paris, and uttering philippics against Primo de Rivero which have the apocalyptic ring of his old war propaganda. Contell's book recounts with much admiration the well known story of how "The Four Horsemen" became an unexpected success and how Messrs. Dutton paid the author a compensation over and above what was strictly the letter of the contract. His comment upon this is that, even so, Blasco Ibáñez did not make very much out of the sales of the book, and that, had it not been for the great sum offered for the movie rights, the transaction would not have been very profitable. Whether any credit is due to his translator, Charlotte Brewster, who put him in the way of making a fortune, nobody ever says, when recounting this glorious incident in the life of the Spanish novelist.

On the contrary, we hear a lot about the "miserable three hundred dollars," which she paid for the American rights. If she ventured this sum as a speculation, it seems to me, she was fair as well as enterprising. The fact that her guess was lucky does not detract from the fact that nothing in the sales of previous works by that author justified great hopes, and that had the book failed, Blasco Ibáñez would not have refunded, nor have been asked to refund, the "miserable three hundred dollars." For all I know, the lady may have shared, by way of royalty or extra compensation, in the fortune earned by "The Four Horsemen" through her enterprise in selecting it for translation. But I think it is about time this incident was related with some sense of proportion and perspective so far as American publishing is concerned.

It has always been held by more discriminating readers that Blasco's best works are his early novels of Valencia, notably "La Barraca" and "Cañas y barro." I notice that, with the addition of "Flor de Mayo," these are the three books, according to Contell, "which would secure the fame of the master for all time, even if they were not followed by a considerable body of work, being a quiet challenge to the vagaries of fashion and the gossip of charlatans." *Así sea!*

Foreign Notes

THE third volume of M. Raymond Poincaré's "Au Service de la France," entitled "L'Europe sous les Armes, 1913" (Paris: Plon) carries on the narrative of French foreign policy which its predecessors so ably presented. But here instead of furnishing a large number of hitherto unpublished papers, as in his earlier volumes, M. Poincaré gives a carefully considered account of the Balkan situation during the whole of 1913 with special reference to the part played by France—all of it based on French official documents already available His book is an important one.

* *

In "Bernard Quesnay" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française) André Maurois has drawn not only the portrait of a French industrialist of the old school but of a family as well. His tale is woven about the personality of Bernard Quesnay, an aged man whose life is completely wrapped up in his factory, and his two grandsons, one of whom, at first trying to cut loose from the tradition of his family, eventually accepts the obligations and responsibilities of his inherited place, and the other of whom, under the influence of his wife, finally breaks away from the family business. The novel is a thoughtful and interesting piece of work.

* *

In his "Onejblizsich Vecech" (Prague: Aventinum), Karel Capek has brought together a series of miniature essays which well display the charm, the wit, and the wisdom which have marked his other works. The title of his volume means "concerning the closest things," and the book carries out its suggestion by presenting sketches on such topics as "Fire," "The Map," "From a Window," "A Box of Matches," "Melancholy," etc.

* *

M. Paul Morand is not only a traveller of taste and discrimination but he is as well a writer of vivid style and philosophical mind. His "Rien Que la Terre" (Paris: Grasset), which records his trip around the world, is rich in picturesque and piquant description, but it is quite as interesting for its incidental reflections on men, manners, and conditions. M. Morand views the world in rather melancholy fashion; apparently he found much whenever he went to arouse his fears and disquietude, and his own country on his return to it seems to have caused him serious foreboding.

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The New Books

Art

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE. By *Paul Guillaume* and *Thomas Munro*. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

ENGLISH HOMES. Period VI. Vol. I. Late Georgian. Scribners. $25.

Belles Lettres

EUGENE O'NEILL. By *Barrett H. Clark*. McBride. $1 net.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERARY PERIODICALS. By *Walter Graham*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. By *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited by *John Calvin Metcalf*. Macmillan.

ABSTRACTS OF THESES. Vol. II. University of Chicago Press.

Biography

FOUR AMERICAN PARTY LEADERS. By CHARLES E. MERRIAM. Macmillan. 1926. $1.50.

What is the secret of political leadership? Professor Merriam, who has been trying to answer this question for some time, tackles it in a concrete way in the four lectures published in this little volume, dealing with the personalities and the careers of Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Bryan.

Well-informed though Professor Merriam is, his analysis of political leadership as it was displayed by these four men is rather mechanical than deeply psychological. He does little more than pigeon-hole traits which are plainly visible. An instance of his failure to pursue a clew is given by his treatment of the quality of "sensitiveness to currents of political opinion" which he finds in all four of his exhibits. Limits of space cannot be pleaded as an excuse for neglecting to state frankly that this sensitiveness to public opinion may mean a change of attitude smacking of an overmastering desire for place or power. Professor Merriam leaves the impression that this sensitiveness is valuable simply as a weapon in the leader's armory; he gives no hint of the light its use may throw upon the leader's personality or character, which is the great object of his investigation.

Some of Professor Merriam's statements are open to serious question, as his remark that Bryan "was gifted with histrionic ability of a very high order, and would probably have achieved notable success upon the stage." This view does not agree with Professor Merriam's earlier picture of the Nebraskan as "the greatest political evangelist of his day." An evangelist would not easily subdue his personality in that of a stage character. The importance of political leadership in a democracy fully justifies Professor Merriam's interest in the subject and his insistent call for its scientific examination.

TROUBADOURS OF PARADISE. By *Sister W. Eleanore*. Appleton. $2.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. By *Hugh l'Anson Fausset*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

SAM NOBLE, ABLE SEAMAN. Stokes. $3.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by *Marietta Hyde*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF MARY HAYS. Edited by *A. F. Wedd*. London: Methuen.

THE WRITINGS AND LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By *Mary Sturge Gretton*. Harvard University Press.

A LILY OF OLD FRANCE. By *Eric Rede Buckley*. Appleton.

Drama

COMMUNITY DRAMA. Prepared by the *Playground and Recreation Association of America*. Century. $2.

SUCCESS. By *A. A. Milne*. Putnam.

MITHRIDATES. By *Jean Racine*. Translated by *Howard Davis Spoerl*. Tufts College Press.

PLAYS. By *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*. Edited by *Clayton Hamilton*. Macmillan.

AUTUMN FIRE. By *T. C. Murray*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

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THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION. By *Paul Périgord*. Appleton. $3.

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Education

BETTER ENGLISH THROUGH PRACTICE. By *Alfred A. May*. Globe Book Co. 87 cents.

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INTELLIGENT PARENTHOOD. Chicago Association for Child Study and Parent Education. University of Chicago Press.

OBSERVATION AND TEACHING IN THE ELEMENTARY GRADES. By *Katherine M. Anthony*. Baltimore: Warwick & York.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. By *C. Vernon Bennett*. Revised Edition. Baltimore: Warwick & York.

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MANUSCRIPT WRITING LESSONS. By *Stone* and *Smalley*. Book I. Scribner's. 28 cents.

POESIES FRANCAISES. Edited by *Edith Philips*. Crofts. $1.60.

ELEMENTS OF CHILD TRAINING. By *R. J. Gale*. Holt. $2.

GIFTED CHILDREN. By *Leta S. Hollingworth*. Macmillan.

DESCRIPTION AND NARRATIVE PROJECTS. By *D. Davis Farrington*. Crowell. $2.50 net.

Fiction

THE VOICE OF THE MURDERER. By GOODWIN WALSH. Putnam. 1926. $2.

This is a rather preposterous detective story, written melodramatically. Our interest kept up for a few chapters, but when Nadia, a Russian princess, entered the game, aboard a boat filled with art treasures and the remains of royal cellars, and it was announced that a grand duchess, a daughter of the czar, still lived and must lead millions of "true Russians" to put her back on the throne, and a marvelous mechanism made by Hugh Carstairs, the brilliant young electrical engineer, started to drag voices out of the past aboard the Russian mystery-yacht,—well, our interest began to flag. There is plenty of action, of course. But the whole farrago is too dime-novelish for our taste. However, those who don't care how a book is written and who have not outgrown the kind of thing they used to read in the shanty of the gang while smoking the devilish cubeb may still find thrills in Mr. Walsh's concoction.

BLACK PEARLS. By R. W. ALEXANDER. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Except for an interlude whose setting is Limehouse, the whole of this rousing adventure story takes place on, and in the vicinity of, an island of the Solomon group. The plot's primary event, leaving Iris Merrion, an orphan four days old, to the care of criminal seafarers, is responsible nineteen years later for the concentration of the tale's action upon the scene of her birth. There, conflict for possession of the fabulous black pearls is waged ruthlessly, with tremendous violence and bloodshed, by rival bands of treasure hunters. The reader who likes this kind of fiction should, undoubtedly, be enthralled from start to conclusion.

THE CUTTERS. By BESS STREETER ALDRICH. Appleton. 1926. $2.

These Cutters, a Middle-West family of moderate means and pioneer stock, labor strenuously to convince the reader that to live in a village is to taste of Elysium. They seem to us a tiresome, commonplace, uninviting lot, in spite of the twittering affection with which the author presents them. Ed Cutter, a tin-horn lawyer, his wife Nell, their growing children, and Gramma Cutter form the home circle. The friendly neighbors are dragged in, too, dull, simple folk of the Cutter species, and we are permitted to observe them all following the duties and pleasures of rustic existence. Anyone who has dwelt with a degree of permanence in the woods knows that they are peopled by yokels exactly like these, but it seems to us time to cease writing third-rate, falsely optimistic novels in praise of them.

THE WINDY HILL. By JENNINGS PERRY. Simon & Schuster. 1926.

This is an evolutionary Tennessee fictional product. Mr. Perry has led a varied and vivid life including his years in a small town in that state in which this story begins. The main characters there are Clita Moss who has had a year or two in New York and returned to make a salon of her room in the Moss hotel; John Starr, a clerk in the railroad offices, and sundry young men. All of these talk in a highly strained vein of fancy; their conversation is sophomorically larded with learning which ranges from mythology to modernism.

Clita's selfish self makes havoc of men's hopes and ideals. She rouses Starr to passion, then flings him to the town bullies to be beaten. He leaves for New York, and the night before he goes Clita dances for him, nude, on the top of a hill.

Starr turns to Greenwich Village—an influence permeating this novel—to experience first life in a garret, and then an easy going success. Clita still has his love. She comes to New York, denies herself to him, uses him, and sweeps on to success as a dancer. The *dénouement* has a touch a bit out of the ordinary. The spiritual vampirism of Clita is developed with some power. But the writing of Mr. Perry is enormously an effort, self-conscious and turgid. A fair part of the cargo of his mind could be jettisoned to insure a smoother literary voyage.

THE VEIL OF GLAMOUR. By *Olive Arden*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

WHITE WATER. By *Robert E. Pinkerton*. Reilly & Lee.

THE FORTUNES OF HUGO. By *Denis Mackail*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

MISTRESS NELL GWYN. By *Marjorie Bowen*. Appleton. $2.

THE DEVIL'S GUARD. By *Talbot Mundy*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE BLUE CASTLE. By *L. M. Montgomery*. Stokes. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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"In the hundred years which have passed since the death of Thomas Jefferson he has never had such a biographer as he has at last found in Albert Jay Nock."—CARL VAN DOREN, *Century Magazine*.

"As original as it is fascinating."—ERNEST BOYD, *The Independent*.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE UNQUENCHABLE FLAME. By *J. Arthur Ries.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC. By *Alyse Gregory.* Harcourt, Brace.

THE WAY OF THE PANTHER. By *Denny C. Stokes.* Stokes. $2.

SEA-GOING JOCK. By *Kenneth Payson Kempton.* Century. $1.75.

SHORT TURNS. By *Barry Benefield.* Century. $2.

THE SEA OF DREAMS. By *Alfred Gordon Bennett.* Macaulay. $2.

MAD RAPTURE. By *Elizabeth Irons Folsom.* Macaulay.

ALMOST PAGAN. By *J. D. Beresford.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

HER SON'S WIFE. By *Dorothy Canfield.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

A MANIFEST DESTINY. By *Arthur D. Howden Smith.* Brentanos. $2.50.

THE HUNTER. By *Ernest Glanville.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE ENTERTAINING ANGEL. By *Samuel Merwin.* New York: Sears. $1.50.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. By *Edward John Trelawney.* Edited by *Clarence Stratton.* Harcourt, Brace.

DANIEL QUAYNE. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Doran.

THE VEIL OF GLAMOUR. By *Clair Ardeu.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE SPOKESMAN'S SECRETARY. By *Upton Sinclair.* Pasadena, Calif.: Sinclair.

CORDELIA CHANTRELL. By *Meade Minnegerode.* Putnam.

THE WHITE MENACE. By *John Rhode.* McBride. $2 net.

SNAKE GOLD. By *Hervey White.* Macmillan. $1.75.

A CHILD IS BORN. By *Raymonde Machard.* Translated by *Madeleine Boyd.* Cosmopolitan. $2.

A TOUCH OF EARTH. By *Lella Warren.* Simon & Schuster.

SUMMER BACHELORS. By *Warner Fabian.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE TRIUMPHANT RIDER. By *Frances Harrod.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

JIG-SAW. By *Eden Phillpotts.* Macmillan. $2.

TREAD DWELLING. By *Richard Crompton.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

DOWN RIVER. By *Ambrose Elwell.* Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

THE BLACK CABINET. By *Patricia Wentworth.* Small, Maynard, $2 net.

THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION. By *Helen Beauclerk.* Illustrated by Edmond Dulac. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE FIGHTING SLOGAN. By *H. A. Cody.* Doran. $2 net.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER. By *Nalbro Bartley.* Doran. $2 net.

FRATERNITY ROW. By *Lynn* and *Lois Montross.* Doran. $2 net.

I WANT TO BE A LADY. By *Maximilian Foster.* Lippincott. $2.

THE GLORY OF EGYPT. By *Louis Moresby.* Doran. $2 net.

RED EARTH. By *Jane England.* Doran. $2 net.

THE CELESTIAL CITY. By *Baroness Orczy.* Doran. $2 net.

PAGAN MOTHERS. By *Arthur Mortimer.*

SPRING SORREL. By *Mrs. Douglas Pullenyne.* Doran. $2 net.

KENNEDY'S SECOND BEST. By *John D. Freeman.* Revell. $2.

BLUE HAND. By *Edgar Wallace.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

TARO OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE. By *Leo Walmsley.* Doran. $2 net.

Foreign

L'ALIMENTAZIONE E LA POLITICA ANNONARIA IN ITALIA. By *Riccardo Bach*: Bari: Laterza. (Yale University Press.)

LA LEGISLAZIONE ECONOMICA DELLA GUERRA. Bari: Laterza. (Yale University Press).

LA CHANSON DE SAINTE FOY. By *Prosper Alfaric.* Vol. II. Paris: Société d'Edition: Les Belles Lettres.

Government

THE INDIA OFFICE. By *Sir Malcolm C. C. Seton.* Putnam. $2.

THE STATE AND THE KINGDOM. By *William Monroe Balch.* Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.

History

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA. By *Herbert H. Govern.* Appleton. $4.

THE BUSINESS LIFE OF ANCIENT ATHENS. By *George Calhoun.* University of Chicago Press. $2.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL SOURCES. Compiled by *Waldo G. Leland, Asa Newton, D. Mareness.* Yale University Press. $5.25.

A HISTORY OF JAPAN. By the late *James Murdoch.* Vol. IV. Revised and edited by *Joseph H. Longford.* Greenberg.

A HISTORY OF ROUMANIA. By *N. Iorga.* Translated by *Joseph McCabe.* Dodd, Mead. $4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR. By *Violet A. Wilson.* Dutton. $5.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By *Lynn Thorndike.* Crofts. $5.

SOLDIERS OF THE PLAINS. By *P. E. Byrne.* Minton, Balch. $2.50.

THE ENGLISH CASTLES. By *E. B. d'Auvergne.* Dodd, Mead. $6.

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND. By *John H. Randall, Jr.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BOUNDARIES. By *John T. Faris.* Harpers. $6.

HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS. By *Elizabeth Godfrey.*

HISTORY IN ENGLISH WORDS. By *Owen Barfield.* Doran. $1.50 net.

ENGLAND IN TUDOR TIMES. By *L. F. Salzman.* Scribners. $3 net.

International

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By *Ford Madox Ford.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

DISARMAMENT. By *P. J. Noel Baker.* Harcourt, Brace. $4.

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL. By *James Waterman Wise.* Dutton. $1.

THE UNITED STATES OIL POLICY. By *John Ise.* Yale University Press. $7.50.

U. S.: A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By *H. E. Buchholz.* Baltimore: Warwick & York.

ORIGINS OF THE CZECHO-SLOVAK STATE. By *Thomas Capek, Jr.* Revell Press.

PAN-EUROPE. By *Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalerg.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

Juvenile

GAWPY. Verse and Music by HAROLD K. HESTWOOD. Decorations by ROBERT W. HESTWOOD. Hestwood Studios. Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. 1926.

This is Gawpy: Book One. The Hestwoods are indubitably talented and we may have more Gawpys from them. Robert, the decorator of this book, is particularly talented. His effects in black and white, his strange and ingenuous pelicans must please the eyes of any child. The verses and music are simple and gay. The refrain which is set to music at the end of the book may divert parents as well as children.

SNOWSHOE AL'S BED TIME STORIES FOR GROWN-UP GUYS. With an introduction by RICHARD HENRY LITTLE (R. H. L.). Minton, Blach. 1926. $1.50.

The late Josh Billings rode into fame on a surf of misspelt words. "Snowshoe Al," favorite of "A Line o' Type or Two," the column once truly adorned by the late B. L. T., essays somewhat the same adventure. But his misspelling does not seem to us any kind of a feat. It wearies us. It does not seem to us either awfully funny or original. As for the subject-matter, cracks such as "he took a job in a zoo ironing tha rinkles out uv baby elephants," "I've bin in sum tuff towns an' I've met sum tuff guys, but I got a frend wot maiks 'em all look like a flock uv chorus girls. He wuz wittling a stick wun day with his hunting knife an' accidently cut off 3 uv his fingers, an' didn't notise it till 5 days afterwards," and so on, do not cause a single crease in our face. 108 pages of the same find us still pretty sombre. So that is our test of the book. It does not seem to us to be on the big time.

WONDER TALES OF OLD TYROL. By *Bernard Henderson* and *C. Calvert.* Stokes. $2.50.

THE TIRED TROLLEY CAR. By *Beth A. Retner.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE HAMMON TWINS. By *Willis Knapp Jones.* Century. $1.75.

HUNTING STORIES RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS. Century. $1.25.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE. By *W. M. L. Hutchinson.* Illustrated by Dugald Walker. Longmans, Green. $2.25.

THE BALLOON BOYS. By *Nels Leroy Jorgensen* and *Samuel Taylor Moore.* Harcourt, Brace.

FILLMORE FOLK TALES. Selected by *Wilhelmina Harper.* Harcourt, Brace.

MAIDA'S LITTLE SCHOOL. By *Inez Haynes Irwin.* Viking. $1.50.

HALE'S POSTER BUILDER STORY BOOK. Simon & Schuster.

SOLDIER RIGDALE. By *Beulah Marie Dix.* Macmillan. $1.75.

CAPTAIN SANDMAN. By *Miriam Clark Potter.* Dutton. $2.

GAY'S YEAR ON SUNSET ISLAND. By *Marguerite Aspinwall.* Putnam.

LITTLE WOMEN. By *Louisa Olcott.* Macmillan.

FIFTY COUNTRY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN. By *E. L. M. King.* Appleton. $1.

KING KURIOSITY. By *George Mitchell.* Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

MIDSHIPMAN WICKHAM. By *Ralph D. Paine.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

CHICKENS AND VEGETABLES, INCORPORATED. By *Samuel Emery.* Appleton. $1.25.

THE BOYS BOOK OF HUNTING AND FISHING. By *Warren H. Miller.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE LAST PLAY. By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* Appleton. $1.75.

FIRST LESSONS IN NATURE STUDY. By *Edith W. Patch.* Macmillan. $1.50.

DERIC IN MESA VERDE. By *Deric Nusbaum.* Putnam. $1.75.

A TREASURY OF VERSE FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. Selected by *M. G. Edgar* and *Eric Chilman.* Illustrated by *Honor C. Appleton.* Crowell. $2.50 net.

THE APPLE TREE. By *Margery Williams Bianco.* With decorations by *Boris Artzybasheff.* Doran.

OUR FRIENDS AT THE ZOO. By *Julia Stoddard.* Crowell. $1.50 net.

OUR FRIENDS AT THE FARM. By *E. Chivers Davies.* Crowell. $1.50 net.

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING. By *Alice Cushing Gardiner* and *Nancy Cabot Osborne.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

OUTWITTING MIDDLE AGE. By *Dr. Carl Ramus.* Century. $5.

101 NEW WAYS FOR WOMEN TO MAKE MONEY. By *Ruth Leigh.* Simon & Schuster. $2.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP. By *Catherine Booth-Clibborn.* Doran. $1 net.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MORMONISM. By *James H. Snowden.* Doran. $2.50 net.

CAMBRIDGE PAST AND PRESENT. By *Brian W. Downs.* Doran. $6 net.

THE SOCIAL WORKERS IN A HOSPITAL WARD. By *Elsie Wulkop.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

FAITH, HEALTH AND COMMON SENSE. By *Edwin A. McAlpin.* Doran. $1.50 net.

THE NEW JAPANESE WOMANHOOD. By *Allen K. Faust.* Doran. $1.50 net.

Pamphlets

SLAVEHOLDING IN NORTH CAROLINA: AN ECONOMIC VIEW. By *Rosser Howard Taylor.* University of North Carolina Press.

SO THIS IS QUEBEC. By *Norris Hodgins Macdonald.* College St. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q. 25 cents.

THE FOUNDING OF THE AMERICAN POLITICAL STATE AND ITS EARLY DISSOLUTION. New York Labor News Co. 15 cents.

OUR HERITAGE FROM 1776. By *Bertram D. Wolfe, Jay Lovestone,* and *William F. Dunne.* New York: Workers School. 15 cents.

THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM IN ENGLISH POLITICAL HISTORY. By *G. M. Trevelyan.* Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

Philosophy

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *L. L. Bernard.* Holt.

THE LANGUAGE AND THOUGHTS OF THE CHILD. By *Jean Piaget.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

Poetry

EAIIOOYE MEAH. *The Fragments of the Lyrical Poems of Sappho.* Edited by EDGAR LOBEL. Oxford University Press. 1925. $7.

This useful but expensive book contains the text of all the fragments, both new and old, with a brief commentary, purely critical; also, by way of introduction, several technical papers more in the nature of an appendix. In one respect, however, their bearing is wide. They virtually blacklist certain poems which the editor styles *abnormal* but clearly thinks of as spurious, in some instances saying so. Among these are the "Marriage of Hector and Andromache," a new fragment which nobody wanted, and that manifest folk-song, "The moon has set, and the Pleiads," which, the editor observes, is not even in Sappho's dialect.

The text has cost the editor great pains, for he has reëxamined most of the papyri. He brings us, however, very few additions or corrections, which is high praise for the previous editors. The chief point of general interest is that here and there he cuts the ground from under conjectures that were getting established. The voices of *many-eared night* are now stopped, and the *black and baleful she-dog* with her *evil snout* dissolves into thin air. We find here few supplements or attempts at restoration, which is as it should be. Sappho's nightingales cannot be regained from a feather.

THE SILVER TREASURY OF ENGLISH LYRICS. Edited by T. EARLE WELBY. The Dial Press. 1926. $3.

Mr. Welby tells us that he has been choosing the *best* for this anthology, distinctly not the second-best. An anthology to supplement Palgrave's famous Golden Treasury was needed. He has here endeavored to supply it. His two tests have been "Is this poem, in its own sort, of rare excellence? Is it in Palgrave?"

With all that, there is, of course, a great deal included that will be familiar to the devotee of poetry, heir now to so many anthologies that have followed Palgrave's. And the prizer of true rarities will be pleased to note Chidiock Tichborne's lines written on the night before he was beheaded (one of the few really great lyrical utterances that has hardly been anthologized at all), Kit Smart's "Song to David" printed almost in full, Sir Walter Raleigh's "The Wood, the Weed, the Wag" (a notable discovery of the present anthologist), Ebenezer Jones's "A Lady's Hand," Charles Cotton's "Caelia's Fall," William Cartwright's "A Song of Dalliance." On the whole, Mr. Welby is to be congratulated. He has demonstrated, certainly, that neither Palgrave nor Quiller-Couch, nor lesser compilers, have cut all the laurels of English song. And we are glad for his inclusions from Poe.

THE LE GALLIENNE ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN VERSE. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.50.

There is much to quarrel with in Mr. Le Gallienne's selections from American poetry, but we are too tired of anthologies to take up the details of our quarrel. He moves rather uneasily among the living poets. Even the older men like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost are disproportionately represented. The difference between the worst and the best of the selections is too great. Instead of setting himself some standard of poetic success to guide his choice Mr. Le Gallienne has fallen into the old trap. He has attempted to represent almost everybody, from Philip Freneau to Mr. John Farrar. The result is a book of which two-thirds is next to worthless in the most amiable literary viewpoint. Thus to judge the average quality of American poetry in terms of this collection would be actually unjust. Mr. Le Gallienne guards against such criticism as this in his preface—"poetic excellence cannot be the only consideration."

This is true enough. But it appears equally true that he has not devoted sufficient attention to the material question of poetic excellence. Such collections as his bolster up the notion, so prevalent in England, that America has yet to achieve a characteristic poetry. One hundred out of nearly four hundred pages was not enough to represent the proportionate contribution of the living poets. Whatever remains to be said for or against American poetry it was not until the present century, with such poets as Frost and Robinson, to say nothing of some scores of their younger contemporaries, that the national poetry showed its real strength in breaking away from the overseas tradition. There is sufficient in these last hundred pages to show that America has achieved a poetic individuality more or less independent of the pseudo-Victorian tradition of the New Englanders (whose work, by the way, accounts for most of the finest pages in this book). But we have yet to find the anthologist whose selection will serve to emphasize that independence at the same time as it renders due homage to Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, and their brethren. The task is one essentially meant for an academist who is not deaf to the younger voices. We should like to see such a book by Professor John Erskine.

NOTATIONS FOR A CHIMAERA. By HERBERT S. GORMAN. Milton I. D. Einstein: 295 5th Avenue. 1926.

Herbert Gorman has already published several volumes of poetry before this, a novel, a study of James Joyce, and other work. He has experimented with many styles in his poetry. He has here overcome the strong Robinsonian influence that affected his verse at one time, though a trace of it clings oddly enough to one poem otherwise not at all Robinsonian. Traces are also present of T. S. Eliot, of Maxwell Bodenheim, of Gertrude Stein, of Marianne Moore, even of Joyce himself. They are not obtrusive. But Gorman's restless experiments with new technique have not resulted, in this thin volume, in the emergence of a true style of his own, compelling recognition. At least, so it seems to this reviewer. There is manifest an extraordinary sensitiveness to mood, to the constant immanence of strangeness in life and love,—there is an elliptical method of expression that induces a mood rather than clarifying in language an intuition. There is often an intensely pictorial quality in the phrase. We believe the odd mysticism that haunts about most of the poems to be due to the Irish origin and temperament of the author.

There are delicate beauties of language here, and more strident beauties. The artist plays with words, endeavors often to give his poetry the inapprehensible meanings of music. The emotions are lightly swayed. Again, the intellect is posed abstruse riddles. It is all in the modern tendency. The general impression left is of shifting colors and lights in a gazing crystal. The chameleon poet feeds on light and air. Hence, for the average reader, there is little here; for the particular reader there may be much.

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Poetry

WILD PLUM. By *Orrick Johns.* Macmillan. $1.25.

EMBERS. By *Melancthon Woolsey Stryker.* New York: Ernest Dressel North.

THE INDEPENDENT POETRY ANTHOLOGY. 1926. Saugus, Mass.: Parker. $2 net.

PANDORA. By *Agnes Yarnall.* Dorrance. $1.75.

FLOTSAM. By *Clara Miehm.* Dorrance.

VON LOHR AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alonzo Brown.* Dorrance.

PERSHING SQUARE AND OTHER PHILOSOPHY. By *Helen Runyon Belknap and André de Soos.* Privately printed.

EAST WIND. By *Amy Lowell.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF MODERN POETRY. Edited by *Edward Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton. Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Bridges, John Keats, Rabindranath Tagore.* Stokes.

FEW, BUT ROSES. Selected and arranged by *Alfred Brickell.* Brentanos. $2.

Religion

LIFE OF OUR MASTER CHRIST JESUS. By SEPTINA BAKER. San Francisco: California Press. 1925.

This is a well written and well printed life of Jesus for children and other simple-minded persons. Nearly half the book consists of verbatim scripture quotations from the four Gospels. The explanations are intended "to awaken and hold the reader's interest, give correct setting to words and actions, and connect historic events." The author's viewpoint is one of consistent reverence and piety almost sentimental. The applications are in terms of a modern emphasis upon "pure thought," upon Jesus's humanitarian healings. They indulge in the usual idealizing and spiritualizing of the rugged literalism of the ancient records. The book does not undertake to discuss the many open historical or critical questions in the life of Jesus.

THIS BELIEVING WORLD. By *Lewis Browne.* Macmillan. $3.50.

Science

THE MAMMOTH. By *Bassett Digby Appleton.*

HOW INSECTS LIVE. By *Walter Housley Wellhouse.* Macmillan. $5.

THE MARVELS OF CHEMISTRY. By *A. T. McDouglass.* Pitman. 75 cents.

PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY. By *Harold Gardiner.* Pitman. $3.

THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. By *J. Arthur Thomson.* Vol. II. Putnams. $6.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE TIME OF MAN. By *Elizabeth Madox Roberts.* (Viking.)

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK. By *Henry Collins Brown.* (Valentine's Manual.)

SEVENTY YEARS A SHOWMAN. By *"Lord" George Sanger.* (Dutton.)

W. T. M., Newark, N. J., asks for several books on the history and development of Freemasonry.

"A CONCISE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY," by Robert Freke Gould (Macoy) of which a new edition was published in 1924, costs six dollars; "The Beginnings of Freemasonry in America," by Melvin M. Johnson (Doran), contains a reference to all that is known of freemasonry in the western hemisphere prior to 1750. "Builders: a Story and Study of Masonry," by Joseph Fort Newton, is in the National Masonic Library published by Doran: so is "Great Teachings of Masonry," by Le Roy Haywood, and the same author's "Symbolical Masonry." The custom of presenting a Bible to each new member on joining a Masonic Lodge has led to the preparation of the "Oxford Bible for Masons" (Oxford University Press), an edition especially for such presentation. It contains an alphabetically arranged Masonic Concordance with thousands of passages relating to Masonry, illustrations, maps, presentation pages, and an article by the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, "The Bible and Masonry;" the text is the Authorized Version.

M. C. F., Augusta, Maine, seeks what general books on theosophy would be useful in a reference library, and E. H. C., Howard Beach, N. Y., asks what important books on theosophy have recently appeared.

"ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY," by L. W. Rogers (Theosophical Book Co., 2006 N. Sayre Ave., Chicago) is a popular introduction, and Mrs. Annie Besant's "Daily Meditations on the Path" (Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago) is widely read. The most important recent publication is "The Theosophical Movement: 1875-1825," published last year by Dutton ($5).

M. L. G., Toppenish, Washington, asks for books on the literature and art of South America.

A. L. COESTER'S "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan) is still the most important and comprehensive work on its subject: it covers the countries one by one (without Brazil, of course) from their literary beginnings to the first decade of this century; it not only names but tells enough about distinctive works to give an idea of the scope of South American fiction and poetry to one who does not read Spanish. Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" (Brentano) gives more detailed treatment to a selection of the most distinguished writers of the present day. "Some Spanish-American Poets," by Alice Stone Blackwell (Brentano), gives translations of high merit. Moses's "Spanish Colonial Literature in South America" is one of the publications of the Hispanic Society. There are not many translations of contemporary novels, at least not many in print: a recent one is of Aluizio Azevedo's "A Brazilian Tenement" (McBride), the story of the making of a Brazilian millionaire.

If this group has any acquaintance with Spanish, there are school editions (Ginn) of Blasco Ibáñez's "Vistas Sudamericanas" and a collection of "Cuentos de la America Españols," edited by A. L. Coester, fifteen tales from nine countries. I do not know of anything in English about contemporary South American art: for this I think you would have to ask (through, or with the approval of, a United States Senator or member of Congress) the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. A club will find an interesting combination of history and biography in Robertson's "Rise of the Spanish-American Republics as told in the Lives of their Liberators" (Appleton), and, in Stella B. May's "Men, Maidens and Mantillas" (Century), a travel record ranging so many countries that it would be useful in planning the course of study as well as a pleasant help in carrying it out.

D. H. T., Lansing, Mich., asks for practical books on child-training and child psychology which would be helpful to the mother of a pre-school-age child.

THERE have been not a few admirable contributions to child psychology within the past decade: I have spoken of several of them in answer to various correspondents. But the best of them have been rather for psychologists than for mothers; though in Stern's "Psychology of Early Childhood" (Holt), one that interested me especially, a mother is one of the collaborators. Now comes "A Practical Psychology of Childhood," by Jessie Chase Fenton (Houghton Mifflin), sound in principles and sensible in advice, which is detailed and non-technical enough to be within the grasp of any young mother: it is even conversational in tone. Beginning as soon as breath begins, the impulse of play, language, the use of the senses, the gaining of muscular control, are considered with the steps in the development of intelligence and the emotions. It is thus both a study of psychology and a practical guide for training, and covers the first two years. An earlier book full of good advice is "The Health of the Runabout Child," by Dr. William P. Lucas (Macmillan), which covers the period "from mother's lap to the school gate." "How We Think," by John Dewey (Heath), is a book that has set many a parent to thinking: another that has performed this feat is Ernest H. Abbott's "On the Training of Parents" (Houghton Mifflin), essays presenting some of the principles of bringing up children.

Now that we are speaking of children before they go to school, there is a new handicraft book for boys and girls as young as five or six to use with a parent's assistance; by seven they may use it alone: this is "Your Workshop," by Edna Plimpton (Macmillan), the first in what is to be a series of work and play books. For little girls learning to read before they go to school nothing is better than the charming "Little Lucia" series by Mabel Robinson (Dutton), and of these there is a new one, "Little Lucia's School," just out, with a pony in it. These may be read aloud over and again, with the usual result that the child finds herself first "reading along" and then really reading. I have had reports of this book from a number of grateful parents.

There is a new magazine *Children*, 353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., whose prospectus looks promising and whose editorial staff, consultants, and advisory board hold distinguished names. It is to help in all parental problems.

P. K. T., Hollywood, Cal., asks if there is a book dealing with misleading cases of circumstantial evidence.

THIS calls for special research under the direction of a law librarian, but the layman will find enlightenment on the nature of evidence in Lord Riddell's essays, "Some Things That Matter" (Doran). Fiction makes use of this quite often; the best example I know is a strange and exciting murder mystery story making a great sensation now in England, "What Really Happened," by Marie Belloc Loundes. This opens with the judge's charge to a jury of ten men and two women: point by point he goes over the evidence against the woman in the dock: as the address, just before its last words, breaks off for a recess, the story turns back several months and with a phrase of the judge for each chapter heading, tells, without attempt to mystify, just "what really happened." You learn in no time just who did kill the man and why. Then the story comes back to the court-room, the jury goes out, and with sickening suspense you hear them go off on one false lead after another, interpreting the evidence according to their temperaments and experiences. The strain is not relaxed until the very last sentence on the last page: if all detective stories were about people as real as these one would be worn out with sympathy. Another extraordinary use of misleading evidence is in the trilogy by Oliver Onions now, I rejoice to see, recast into one long but furiously interesting novel called "Whom God Hath Sundered" (Doran). This came out at about the same time as the "Clayhanger" and

(*Continued on next page*)

There Is *No* Reward

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This reward, however, has been sufficient to interest many of our Charter Subscribers. When renewing their subscriptions last month they suggested several practical ways of introducing THE SATURDAY REVIEW to those who have never seen it.

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Points of View

The "Best" Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I make a brief reply to the question asked in your issue of December 19th by John M. Kline of Glasgow, Montana? This omnivorous reader seems to have undertaken a serious quest—the search for good literature, but perhaps his question is not as serious as he makes it seem. He wants to know whether he, and other serious searchers, lack discrimination, or whether there is something wrong with the critics.

Whatever else we may not know about "good literature," we know that it is unchartered. It is seldom indeed that any two readers will agree as to the worth of a given writer, or a given book. It is to be expected that the critics will also have diversified estimates.

This very question came up but last night in a library where several people were discussing literature. It was, strangely enough, the librarian who was speaking of Sinclair Lewis as a modern genius, but an oldish person who has been a publisher's reader for many years soon set this estimate at naught by classing Mr. Lewis as a mere pamphleteer. The sum of the conversation was the conclusion reached, that it takes years and years for either readers or critics properly to classify literature.

Without doubt the critics are forced by reason of their employment to grind many cheap, superficial, and tawdry books through their mills. Mr. Kline might be advised that his error seems to be in following too closely the opinions and estimates of book-reviewers. He must not expect that any single critic will agree with his personal standards and values. He should also remember that those who search for the best literature, are continually disappointed. The very fact that one has high standards makes the quest endless. If a person could be content with reading, and leave appraisal to critics!—but Mr. Kline has proven himself, as many a reader is, a critic as well.

There is nothing wrong with the taste of those who choose to always be guided by the desire for the best that literature holds, but they must not expect that either readers or critics will agree with them when it comes to a list of "best books." Perhaps some day readers and critics will wake up to the impossibility of ever putting literature into any permanent classification. Where is there a *littérateur* who would privately select his reading, draw his personal estimates, from a list of books that have lived longest? Yet most of us are agreed that this one test of "Time" is an important one in judging literature!

No! there are too many other factors to be taken into consideration. Why not be content with liking one book for what it gives us, one author for what he offers, and forget the verbose attempt to settle the impossible question as to who is right and who is wrong?

I wish I could give Mr. Kline a more direct answer to his question. He seems to have read a great many books that many readers can call excellent, yet the writer was surprised that he failed to appreciate some of the Russian writers. One must know that the editors of book reviews are critics, just as readers who follow the reviews are critics! If a reader wasn't a critic, he would have scant preference for "best" books, but would be content with any.

The "serious question" needn't be so serious when we remember that there is something wrong with the critical and discriminating reader who expects to find the "best" in literature, and then have everyone else agree with him.

Perhaps the situation is improved when we consider the pleasures along the way, such as Mr. Kline's youthful worship of Dickens, his liking for Pepys, or Poe, and the purely personal joy that each one of us gets from a discovery of a book to his exact liking.

F. GARDNER CLOUGH.

An Amusing Confusion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A year or two ago I read a short but amusing account of how the novels of J. M. Barrie and Bertha M. Clay became confused before publication in paper covers. Some of Bertha Clay's saccharine tales passed as the work of the author of "Sentimental Tommy," and visa-versa. Probably this will aid Mary Crowell, who inquired about "A Tillyloss Scandal" in the August 14 issue of the *Saturday Review*.

R. E. WOLSELEY.

Evanston, Ill.

More on the Scholastics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

While Mr. Durant (in your issue of July 24) shows admirable candor in characterizing as a prejudice his conviction that the Scholastics do not belong to the history of philosophy, his statement about "the difficulty of finding in that philosophy sufficient material of contemporary interest to educated men," ought not to pass unchallenged. Let me mention three such points of interest:

(1) In the realm of political theory, Gierlier's chapter on mediæval political theories translated by Maitland is now the center of the liveliest discussion among those who regard themselves as the most advanced political thinkers. If Mr. Durant's familiarity with mediæval philosophy were really liberal he might have been interested in the fact that the theory of representative government, challenged today by dictators as well as writers, is mediæval in origin. The ancients had nothing like it.

(2) That scholastic metaphysics has tremendous interest for contemporary thinkers who are not Catholics is beautifully shown in the chapter on Theorism in Professor Sheldon's book on "The Strife of Systems." I venture to add that Mr. Durant would have understood Spinoza better if he paid more attention to scholastic and Renaissance metaphysics.

(3) It seems hardly necessary to refer to the high praise for the scholastic contributions to logic made by modern radicals like Mill and Huxley. I shall only add that as the scholastics shaped our logical terminology and what passes as common-sense philosophy, they should be of interest to people who really want an intelligent understanding of why modern thought is confused. Possibly Mr. Durant's aversion for medieval philosophy—doubtless due to an overdose of theology—might be softened if he turned to that excellent manual of scholasticism, the poetic rendering of St. Thomas's "Gamma Theologica" which is known as Dante's Divine Comedy.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

The Defence Rests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

However great the importance of Scholastic philosophy, I realize that the *Saturday Review* cannot be expected to open its columns indefinitely to a discussion of this single topic. Fortunately no long reply is called for by the letter of Mr. Richards, in which he asserts what I never thought of denying—that medieval philosophy was theoretically regarded as an introduction to sacred theology and that Aquinas was "a devout son of the Church"—and denies what I never thought of asserting—that medieval cosmology was identical with that of Aristotle, on which it nevertheless was based, and that the specific supernaturalism of the Scholastics was identical with the transcendentalism of other systems which nevertheless equally sought ultimate principles of explanation beyond nature. The charge that I indulge in special pleading on behalf of the Scholastics is likely to be highly amusing to those acquainted with my own philosophical views. Mr. Richards is right in one particular and one only. He accuses me of being ignorant of the fact that scholasticism based its philosophy upon the "unquestioned datum" of revelation. I am not only ignorant of it but am likely to remain so, since no such fact ever existed. Not one of the fundamental tenets of Scholasticism—not its theory of being, not its theory of knowledge, not its theory of universals, not even its arguments for the existence of God rested either directly or indirectly upon this "unquestioned datum." "To assert the contrary is to be ignorant of or to ignore" the tenets in question; in fact, it is "little short of presumption."

For the reader desirous of deciding between my opponents and myself, who yet has no time to go directly to the Scholastics, I append a brief list of easily accessible and authoritative recent works which may be consulted with profit.

"Scholasticism Old and New," by Maurice De Wulf.

"History of Mediæval Philosophy," by Maurice De Wulf.

"Cosmology (The Greeks and the Aristotelian Schoolmen)," by John O'Neill.

"Ontology, or the Theory of Being," by P. Coffey.

"Epistemology: or the Theory of Knowledge," by P. Coffey.

"God and Intelligence," by Fulton J. Sheen.

"Mont-St. Michel and Chartres" (essay on Abelard), by Henry Adams.

The defence rests.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Literary Crudities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The using of smart assertions to take the place of reasoned argument, is so large a part of the capital of the sophomore minded literary critic, that it is time wasted to indicate errors in the fabrication of straw men, such as the statement of one of your contributors, June 26th, that the Pilgrim Fathers were Puritans, a fact unknown to them, as was likewise the idea that they were suppressed sensualists, or, strangest of all, aristocratic ancestors.

It gives a pleasant sense of superiority to believe, or at least to assert, the belief that the alleged virtues of former times were based on hypocrisy, foreign to our present broad minds, and the less one is hampered by information, the easier is such philosophy to express. But one who claims "a certain training" in literature and languages of former times, should be able to use his own with skill, and while posing as an "intellectual" (whatever that adjectival noun may be) to mock the crudities of the multitude, should not indulge in the crudities of the beginner in English composition, by manufacturing and distorting words and phrases to avoid the trouble of learning to express an idea with words already in good use.

"Intellectual" is bad enough when used as a noun to define anyone able to write a little piece for a newspaper, but how about such a barbarism as "intellectualize"? It only needs another syllable, making "intellectualization" to run the whole circuit with successive suffixes from noun to adjective, to noun and verb, and back again to noun.

Writing becomes a tenuous art at best when devoted to criticism of a critic of ephmeral writings. With so little to express there is less excuse for not devoting more effort to the forms of expression.

HENRY WELLES DURHAM.

Managua, Nicaragua

Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"Jacob Stahl" trilogies, and for some reason never received in America the attention from the public that it deserved. It is now worked into a single narrative: in the original version the first volume told the evidence in the case of a mysterious murder, the second how it really did come to pass and why the man who did it regarded it as an execution, and the third how it affected the life of a woman who held the secret. Evidently the public is growing better informed on the psychology of evidence. A woman physician in a London court lately swore that she would tell "approximately the truth."

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Brief Mention

THE array of fiction before us this week, which takes up half of our book-shelf, is decidedly miscellaneous and not particularly distinguished. A new publisher, *David Graham Fischer* of Hollywood, furnishes two volumes with quite garish jackets. The first, *Jimmy Starr's* "365 Nights in Hollywood" does *not* (let there be no mistake about that!) contain stories which *De Maupassant* might have written, as announced on the jacket-flap. The scrappy tales are rather illiterate and rather dull. "Shadows of the Valley," also a David Graham Fischer Publication, is by *Clyde W. Hightower*. It is a pioneer story quite badly written and of no importance. Let us therefore turn to three books brought out by the Macaulay Company. "The Phantom Clue" by *Gaston Leroux* ($2) presents the indefatigable Joseph Rouletabille once more. The story is on a par with Leroux's many former mystery tales. "The Bandit Prince" by *Sessue Hayakawa*, screen and stage star, is what one might expect from this energetic Japanese, a highly-colored and melodramatic romance. "The Secret Love House" by *Maravene Thompson* is fairly amateurish and banal. Much easier to endure is *Frank K. Rich's* "Caleb Peaslee" (Altemus. $2), the rather simple tale of a rugged rural type, the kind of book that presents one with homespun aphorisms. *Francis Grierson*, with "The Lost Pearl" (Clode. $2), gives us a fairly good detective story, and one of his former ones, "The Limping Man," was called "one of the best mystery stories I have read in some time" by Professor William Lyon Phelps. "The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton" by *Louis Becke* in the collected edition of the works of Louis Becke, completes our aggregation of fiction. It is a volume of one of the many collections of short stories by this writer who knew the Pacific as few have ever known it.

Turning from prose fiction we come next upon "A Treasury of Verse for School and Home," selected by *M. G. Edgar* and *Eric Chilman*, illustrated in color, and published by Crowell at $2.50 net. The choices in this anthology are not extraordinarily original, but the book will doubtless satisfy the average person. We are a little tired, nevertheless, of collections that reselect all the old favorites. We are also a little tired of exhumation of every scrap that the late *Edgar Saltus* wrote. A new instance of it is "Victor Hugo—Golgotha," published by Pascal Covici of Chicago "in an edition limited to 310 numbered copies printed upon Inomachi Vellum, *eighty copies of which contain an original cancelled check of Edgar Saltus*." The italics are ours! Can bibliomania further go? In the preservation of rarities out of the literary past, how different is the spirit of the Oxford University Press. They have just brought out at $2.50 a fifteenth century secular play by *Henry Medwall*, edited by *F. S. Boas* and *A. W. Reed*. This is "Fulgens and Lucres," chastely bound in imitation vellum, with a facsimile of the last page of the unique copy for a frontispiece. And, in this general connection, we may mention *Arthur Murphy's* "The Way to Keep Him" published in the series of "English Comedies of the 18th Century" of the Oxford University Press. These small, green paper-bound books retail at thirty-five cents apiece and are excellently printed. Also in the field of modern belles lettres, *Margery Williams Bianco's* "The *Apple Tree*" (Doran), a fable for children beautifully decorated by *Boris Artzybasheff*, should find a prominent place. Slight as the book is it is written with rare delicacy of fancy.

For outofdoor excursions "Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains" by *Walter Collins O'Kane* (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50), is a thorough and appreciative pocket-guide. And those interested in garden and greenhouse may like to get *Montagu C. Allwood's* "Carnations" (Scribner's. $4.75). This is an imported book, recording a life's work with Dianthus and its hybrids, liberally illustrated and covering every phase of carnation-culture. Two business books that should particularly appeal to women are "Gift and Art Shop Merchandising" by *Grace P. T. Knudson* (Little, Brown. $2), and "Tea Room and Cafeteria Management" by *R. N. Elliott* (Little, Brown. $1.50). Both books are distinctly valuable to anyone starting either of these ventures, as so many do today. They go into all the details that are vital to the businesses and present valuable advice.

The last three books on our shelf are "The Best Letters of Thomas Jefferson" selected and edited by *J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton* (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), which aids us in comprehending more accurately the real statesman and man; a book from *Otto H. Kahn*, our modern American financier, who has gathered together his speeches and written contributions into a volume "Of Many Things" (Boni & Liveright. $3). (It serves to emphasize his interest in Art, the Opera and the American Stage as well as in large industrial enterprise and international affairs), and, last, from the American Educational Press, New York, a collection of brief articles, by forty distinguished men, under the general title "Achievement: How it Is Won." The contributors are of all kinds,—*John Hays Hammond* elbows *John J. McGraw*, *Charles M. Schwab*, *Fred Stone*, etc., etc. Which completes this survey of our special shelf for another week.

Charles Dickens's first manuscript, "Stratagems of Rozanza," dictated when he was sixteen to his mother, has come back to England. The author signed himself C. J. H. Dickens, a reminder of his full name, Charles John Huffham Dickens, which he never used in later life.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A MEDIEVAL LIBRARY

IN a special letter from The Hague, a correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* describes a medieval library today in St. Walburg Cathedral, the largest Protestant Church in Zutphen. "This library was founded in 1564, and it has been devoted not only to the use of the clergy, but also to the general public, in order to afford an opportunity for the study of the best books. The medieval character is strikingly illustrated by the way the books are attached in the reading room. Each book, placed on the two-sided desks, is bound in such a way that a solid chain with a ring is fixed into the binding. The top portion of each desk is fitted with a strong iron bar, which can only be removed by opening a lock with a key. The books are thus chained to the desk, although it is possible to move them from one side to the other. The chains are also long enough to allow the books to be placed on the opposite desk. The restrictiveness of this system, which was necessary in days when books were rare, was considerably relaxed by the handing out of numerous keys to the locks to the book-lovers in the city and around. The church bills for the year 1564 show that not less than sixty keys were made during the year; and in later years there are receipts for similar expenditures. The possessors of keys were apparently allowed to unlock some books and take them home.

The books which at the opening of the library were fastened to the desks are for the most part still there. The collection is not large, but it has a number of choice medieval works, comprising thirteen manuscripts, and eighty incunabula, an interesting collection of school books dating from the early sixteenth century; and many early classics. The beauty of the collection is not a little enhanced by the charming old bindings of many of the books. There are five bindings by Vincent van Russenborch, an inhabitant of the neighboring town of Deventer, who bound them in the years 1563 and 1564. He was a disciple of the Reformation which in those days had to be supported secretly. In his ardent zeal he engraved on the covers of the books the portraits of the great reformers of those days, Wycliff, Hus, Erasmus, Melancthon, and others.

At the present time the library is superintended by one of the governors of the cathedral who is acting as its librarian. A good catalogue was made a number of years ago. During the daytime the library is open to the public free of charge. The number of people who come to study the books is comparatively small in comparison with the number who come to gaze upon a very uncommon bit of medievalism. As all the chests are filled with books, there is no room for extending the collection, and apparently there is no call for it. The library, as it is, is a gem, not needing to be kept intact by pious hands. J. W. Clark, registrar of the Cambridge University, England, in his well known work, "Libraries in the Medieval and Renaissance Periods," Cambridge, 1894, stated that in Western Europe no other institution resembled so closely the character of the Middle Ages as the "Zutphen Librije."

EXHIBIT OF INCUNABULA.

A COLLECTION of incunabula comprising more than 3,000 volumes ranging from tiny prayer books to large folios, brought from Germany by Dr. Otto H. F. Volibehr, was placed on exhibition last week at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, until October 1. Dr. Volibehr brought the volumes across the Atlantic to exhibit at the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago to illustrate the church's progress in civilizing the world. While they were there Dr. Pierce Butler, librarian of Newberry Library of Chicago, estimated their value at more than $2,500,000. Several manuscripts of the medieval Popes, Gregory XVI., Clement VII., Alexander VII., and Benedict XIV., which were brought with the books were presented by Dr. Volibehr to Cardinal Mundelein, himself a bibliophile. Many of these fifteenth century books still have the iron chains and rivets that originally bound them to the desks of monastery libraries. Many have metal clasps and studs which prevented them coming in contact with damp shelving. They are printed mainly in Latin. Among them are fifty-five differently printed Bibles, fifty works of Augustine, twenty-two of Savaronola, six of the "Divine Comedy," and four of Ovid, while other authors are represented each by from four to thirty-seven examples, showing the great number of printing presses at work in Germany at the same time, and the wide diffusion of books in the first half century after the invention of printing. On the first evening of the exhibition nearly 150 guests assembled at the club in honor of visiting librarians, Dr. Andrew Keogh of Yale, Dr. Gerard of Princeton, Dr. Williamson of Columbia, Dr. George P. Winship of Harvard, and Dr. Volibehr. The club and those who have the pleasure of seeing this remarkable collection are indebted to Colonel Edwin Emerson who was instrumental in having it exhibited in New York.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

CHARLES DICKENS'S first manuscript, "Stratagems of Rozanza," dictated when he was sixteen years old to his mother, has just been returned to England. The young author signed himself C. J. H. Dickens, a reminder of his full name, Charles John Huffman Dickens, the full name which was abandoned when he began his literary career. The plot of the play is concerned with the loves and adventures of a cosmopolitan group of characters gathered in a Venetian inn. The exisitence of the manuscript was generally unknown until a year ago. It once belonged to Georgiana Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law. After passing into other hands it was sold to a California collector, who apparently has resold it to an English dealer or collector.

A letter written by Charles Dickens, said to have been his last, was sold at Sotheby's in London near the end of the season. It was dated "Gad's Hill Place, June 8, 1870," and was addressed to John M. Makeham, who had written to Dickens saying that he thought some of his books had been guilty of irreverance. Dickens wrote in reply:

"It would be quite inconceivable to me but for your letter that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine. I am truly shocked to find any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life of Our Saviour, because I feel it and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of, whom knew it from having it repeated to them long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak."

Professor Gallo of the University of Rome, an authority on ancient Latin manuscripts, has been at work in the archives of the Abbey of Montecassino in southern Italy. Here, among a collection of 40,000 documents, nearly all of great age, he has discovered one which is said to contain the earliest known examples of Italian words and phrases. This throws light on the struggles of the language to escape from its classical bonds, and bears the early date of 819. It originally came from S. Martino di Volturno. Linguists feel sure that if among the austere walls of a notary's study, for this oldest of Italian writing is a legal document, words and phrases of the new language were able to find their way, there is little doubt but that the language was beginning to be used by the common people. This discovery makes Italian an old speech, long antedating Dante.

A few months ago the City Council of Salem, Mass., decided to protect the original Indian deed of the city against further assaults of time, by having it placed in a glass frame on the walls of the council chamber, but the city government finally decided to have the invaluable document placed in safe keeping. The deed tells that on October 11, 1686, the Indians formally turned over to the town a large tract of land "in consideration ye full and just sum of £20." On this tract of land Salem, Peabody and Danvers were built.

"Fannie Hurst has been sued for plagiarism, and naturally one falls to wondering as to how often this offense is actually committed," says the New York *World*. "Without expressing an opinion on this particular suit, about which we know nothing, we venture the guess that it is not committed often. The person who files suit probably thinks his idea was stolen: given the same theme, writers will often work it out with remarkable similarity in detail. But the thing he overlooks is that the plot, which is usually what he grounds his suit upon, is the least important part of any imaginative literary work. The big part is character. Can this be 'plagiarized'? One would not think so. That is the part of the work which is alive, which expresses the individuality of the creator. And this, obviously, cannot be stolen as the mere sequel of incidents can be stolen."

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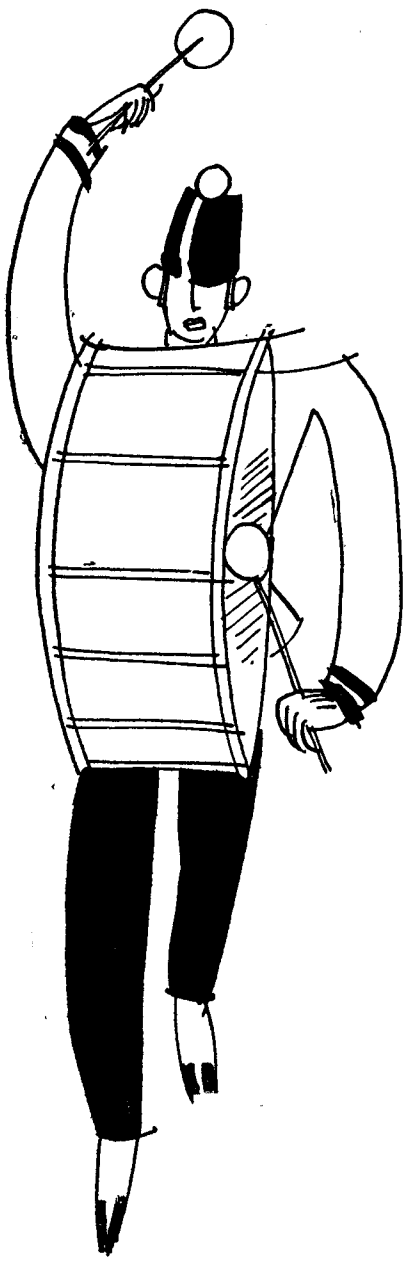

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The Phoenix Nest

WE have chanced upon a passage in one of the letters included in "The Letters of *Maurice Hewlett,*" edited by *Laurence Binyon* (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). This particular letter was written in 1917 to Professor *Lewis Chase,* and in it the late master of high romance makes a statement that we think should be extraordinarily interesting to any student of his work: He had written poetry seriously for four years before he published his first book in prose, "Earthwork Out of Tuscany." He goes on to say, anent poetry:

However, prose came easily when it did come, and having hit the public taste with "The Forest Lovers," I went on with romance, treating it much as one behaves with verse. All my real romances would, I believe, be better if they were versified; and more than once I have thought of doing it. "Richard Yea-and-Nay" was actually based on a *chanson de geste,* and "The Queen's Quair" is really a symphony of sounds, very artfully done and never yet discovered by any critic. After "The Queen's Quair," in my own judgment, the vein was worked out, and I began to do things more like novels—though they were still treated poetically, that is, *a priori.* I am not a novelist, who is an observer, but always begin with an idea or a person and weave the tale round about that.

After speaking of his individual books of poems, Hewlett comes to "The Song of the Plow;" and, as this noble and insurgent long poem of his has always seemed to us one of the finest of modern poems and astoundingly little known in this country, it is interesting to have his own opinion of it:

Lastly, in 1916, I published "The Song of the Plow" which cost me ten years' preparation and three years' actual writing. I doubt I shall never better that; and I believe that it will last when I am dead and gone. Most of the England that I know and love is in it, and I like the Prelude best, myself; but the opening of Book I is very good too. It is a long poem and difficult in parts, because it is so packed. It demands a good deal of its reader—but so does all really good poetry.

We like the way Hewlett spoke out, though in the contemporary secrecy of a letter, concerning what he felt about his best poetry. Poets are ordinarily far better critics of their own work than the casual reader may suspect. A seasoned poet can go back over what he has written in the past and usually select from it with far more skill and taste than the professional critic. And we recommend all interested in the poetry of this century to read "The Song of the Plow." It has elements of greatness. It reveals Hewlett not only as an artist in language, but also as a man of extraordinarily penetrating sociological insight. It is an epic of the English people, the true English people, who, in the words of a line in one of Mr. *Chesterton's* poems, "have not spoken yet". . .

In last week's *Nest* we were speaking of railroad ballads, and mentioned "Casey Jones," and just on the heels of that comes a letter from Summer Rest, Greenwood, Virginia, written by *J. C. Olmsted:*

If you are interested in the Southern Mountaineer, perhaps the enclosed ballad will appeal to you. I took it down last spring from one of the school children over in the mountains, that I overheard chanting it lugubriously. The very next day, I saw in the Charlotteville paper that this same Sidney Allen or Sidna as the paper called it, had been pardoned for good behavior after some years in prison, and had gone to a neighboring state to begin life over again. In spite of Fords and Victrolas life in these mountains still seems very far away from the modern world.

The ballad itself is a most peculiar and close imitation of the famous "Casey Jones," except that the application is all to local history:

SIDNEY ALLEN

Come all you people, if you want to hear
The story about a cruel mountaineer
Sidney Allen was a fearless man
At Hilder (?) Court-House he won his name.

The Court called the jurymen at half past nine
Sidney Allen was the prisoner, and he was on time.
He mounted to the bar, with his pistol in his hand
And he sent Judge Massie to the promised land.

Then just a moment later, the place was in a roar,
The dead and the dying were lying on the floor.
With a thirty-eight Special and a thirty-eight Colt
Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

The sheriff saw he was in a mighty tight place
The mountaineer was daring him, right in the face.
He turned to the window and then he said
Just a moment more, and we will all be dead.

He mounted to his pony and away he did ride,
His friends and his nephew riding by his side.
They all shook hands, and swore they would hang
Before they would give up to the Balteru (?) Gang.

Then Sidney wandered and he travelled all around,
Until he was captured in a western town.
He was taken to the station with the ball and chain.
And they put poor Sidney on the eastbound train.

They arrived at Sidney's home about eleven forty-one
He met his wife and daughter and his little son.
They all shook hands and they knelt down to pray—
And they said, "Oh Lord! don't take Popper away."

Then the people they all gathered from the far and near
Just to see poor Sidney to the electric cheer;
But to their great surprise the Judge he said
"He is going to the penitentiary instead!". . .

First novels we can heartily recommend are as follows: first and foremost, "The Time of Man" by *Elizabeth Madox Roberts* (Viking Press), the most distinguished first novel of a writer who has already given us poetry of distinction. This is a remarkable piece of work and a discovery for the judicious; it is the initial effort of a prose artist who may achieve greatness. . . .

Leonard Nason's "Chevrons" (Doran) deserves a place with *Dos Passos's* "Three Soldiers," Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat," and the work of *Captain Thomason* (not to mention *E. E. Cummings's* "The Enormous Room" and *Hervey Allen's* "Toward the Flame," which are directly autobiographical) as one of the vital novels that have come out of the War. . . .

Another first novel by a poet, which is notable for its artistic integrity and actuality of scene and portraiture, is *Henry Bellamann's* "Petenera's Daughter" (Harcourt). And Dorothy Van Doren's "Strangers," (Doran), *Denny G. Stokes's* "The Way of the Panther" (Stokes), and *Winifred Duke's* "Heir to Kings" (Stokes) should also be mentioned as fiction above the average. We have recently read about fourteen novels, so we should really know! . . . .

We have not been able to procure enough in print of *Frances Newman's* "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" from Boni & Liveright to really pass upon it. But the opening, which we *have* read, is of great promise. This firm is also issuing in "Sweepings," by *Lester Cohen,* a first novel of much power and range, a book that may forecast a new *David Graham Phillips* in the making. . . .

The John Day Company is to be congratulated upon its "an informal note about 'blurbs,'" on the last page of its current "First List of Books to be published in the Fall." Thank heaven that some publisher has at last had the frankness to come out and talk sense about "blurbing" and to refrain from superlatives about the books they publish. . . .

They are not to beguile their readers by ardent expressions of their own, as they neatly put it. They will merely indicate by fact and precise description the scope and character of each book they publish. Otherwise they simply state, "We see particular merit and have strong faith in each book we publish, else we should not have accepted it for publication". . . . .

Speaking of John Day, a distinguished member of that Company, recently whispered into our ear the following literary fragment that came to him in a vision. It is really too good to keep to ourselves, and so,—thus it goes:

Let rainbows expiate their sins
In sombre tints arrayed;
I'd rather be Where the Blue Begins
Than where the Mauve Decade.

We hope many people still recall a fine novel of some years back, "A Big Horse to Ride," by *E. B. Dewing.* Her "My Son John," which is about to be published by Minton, Balch & Company, will mark an innovation in novel writing methods. Miss Dewing feels that no one, not even an author, can see all around a human being and that two quite opposite views of a person or a situation might—paradoxically—be equally sound. To a man's friend he appears all white, to his enemy all black. And who is to judge which is the truer estimate? . . .

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